

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

OCTOBER, 1849.

## THE ENGRAVINGS.

CANA, of Galilee, is the small town where Jesus performed his first miracle, by turning water into wine. Stephens, in his *Incidents of Travel*, says, that at the entrance of the village is a fountain, from which the women draw water in large jars, and near it a Greek church, built over the house of the young man at whose wedding the miracle was performed. Dr. E. D. Clark, who visited Cana prior to Mr. Stephens, speaks of large, massy stone pits, answering the description given of the ancient vessels of the country. These, it seems, were not preserved nor exhibited as relics, but they were scattered about in every direction—disregarded by the present inhabitants as antiquities with whose original use they were wholly unacquainted. "From their appearance, and the number of them, it was quite evident," says Dr. Clark, "that a practice of keeping water in large stone pits, each holding from eighteen to twenty-seven gallons, was once common in the country." No mention, we think, is made of Cana by Drs. Durbin and Olin.

Turn, now, to our second engraving, reader. It is a portrait of our old friend, SAMUEL WILLIAMS, Esq., of Mt. Auburn, one of the suburbs of Cincinnati. The engraving is, in our humble view, one of the very best we have ever seen copied from a Daguerreotype. There is a clearness of outline, a naturalness and distinctness of expression seldom observed in plates taken in this way. The friends of Mr. Williams—and he has a large circle in the west—will recognize every lineament and feature at a glance.

Samuel Williams, Esq., is a native of Carlisle, Pa., but, as he informs us, was brought up in an out-of-the-way nook among the mountains in an adjoining county.

In the year 1800, at the age of fourteen years, he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, then and there the "sect everywhere spoken against;" and three years afterward removed, with his father's family, to Charleston, on the Kanawha river, Va., he and his mother being the first Methodists who settled in that valley, and aided in the formation of the first Methodist class on that river. In 1807, he removed to Chillicothe, in this state, and twenty years afterward to Cincinnati, his present home,

having been a resident of Ohio forty-two years. Thirty years of this time, from 1815 to 1845, he was chief clerk in the office of Surveyor-General of Public Lands northwest of the Ohio river, in which office he rendered important service, in conducting the public land surveys, during all that period, in the states of Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, and in Wisconsin and Iowa to 1838, and retired from the service in 1845.

Mr. Williams had long been impressed with the want of a suitable periodical for females, and much desired to see such a work established in the west, under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as nothing of the kind, calculated to meet our wants and wishes, was then in existence west of the Alleghany Mountains. During the session of the Ohio conference, in Cincinnati, in September, 1839, he drew up and sent to that body a memorial on this subject, stating at large the want of a ladies' periodical, with the reasons in favor of its publication, embracing an outline of a plan for it, and praying conference to take such action on the subject as would secure the establishment of a moral, religious, and literary periodical, such as described in the memorial. The memorial was referred to a special committee of conference, and reported on favorably, accompanied by a resolution recommending the proposition to the General conference, and praying the establishment of such work at Cincinnati. The General conference convened on the first of May following, (1840.) The communication from the Ohio conference was laid before that body, and referred to a select committee, of which Rev. (now Bishop) L. L. Hamline was chairman. The committee reported at large in favor of the object, concluding with the resolutions:

"1. That it is expedient to establish a religious periodical for the benefit of females.

"2. That the Book Agents at Cincinnati, Ohio, be, and they are hereby authorized to commence the publication of such a periodical, as soon as in their opinion, and in the judgment of the Cincinnati Book Committee, there will be sufficient patronage to sustain it."—*Jour. Gen. Con.*, 1840, p. 52.

The report and resolutions were adopted, and the first number of the "Ladies' Repository" was issued on the first of January following.

## MISCELLANIA.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

KIND READER, will you come to my bower, and sit down by my side, and feast your soul with the rural delights which God has spread around us? It is a bright and beautiful day. There is spread all over the heavens a canopy of clear, blue sky. The dense-foliaged tree, beneath whose inclining top I sit, will furnish us a shade, which not a ray of sunlight can pierce. And all around us is a scene of varied beauty, that cannot fail to inspire in you feelings of poetry and of devotion. How bright are the green leaves, as they reflect from their polished surfaces the sunlight! How gracefully waves the tall grass in the valley, and the ripening grain on the hill, and the delicate limbs of the trees above us! How balmy the gentle zephyr that fans my cheek and lightly stirs the hairs of my head! No sounds are here but those of nature. The village is too far removed for any of its bustle to reach me, except the hammer of a single carpenter, pounding away on a house erecting in the neighborhood. No carriage-wheels are rumbling by. Yet there is no gloomy silence reigning here. Lots of merry crickets are chirping in the grass; the black-bird is chattering away in the corn-field; the robin is singing his monotone on the fence corner; the woodpecker is knocking on a dry tree; the wren is twittering on a stump; the little sparrow is modestly singing her simple tune on a cedar; a thousand bees are humming over head; and the trees, moved by the wind, are making music such as God's trees only can make.

Come, gentle one, and see my bower before its quiet is disturbed, and its seclusion desecrated by the ever-busy and intermeddling agency of what the world calls improvement. I really fear, my dear reader, that the days of my rural pleasures, in this clime, are numbered. When I came here, I got as far away from the village as I well could—so far that I felt secure against all the inroads of improvement. But I see, in the valley just below me, a corps of engineers, and they are staking, for the final location, the great railroad that is to connect the east and the west, forming the great thoroughfare from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They have located the Greencastle depot alarmingly near the termination of the secluded street that runs by the bower. And our village corporation are standing on the hill, between me and the town, planning the grading of the street, the building of culverts, and the flagging of the walks. And, as if one railroad was not enough, another corps of engineers is hard by, running another road from New Albany on the Ohio to Lafayette on the Wabash, and thence by Laporte to Lake Michigan.

What shall I do? The first snort of the steam-horse will scare away all the sylvan and fairy beings that now people this sequestered valley. I cannot live amidst smoke, and dust, and steam.

I see no way but I must be off. I have been thinking all day where I shall go. I recollect a place I once saw, and I think it will do. Riding along, one day, near the coast of the Atlantic, on ascending a bleak and barren hill, there suddenly appeared in the distance a scene of beauty such as has never since appeared to me. There lay, smiling beneath the clear, blue sky, a village of exquisite finish and loveliness. The streets were wide, shaded by grand old forest trees, and clean as if the people had nothing to do but to sweep them. The cottages peered out amidst the green trees, white as if the painter had scarcely put up his brush. Each house was surrounded by ample grounds, furnishing room for the nicely-mown lawn, and the tastefully-cultivated flower-garden. Immediately back of the village rose a magnificent hill, from whose top might be seen on the north the mountain land at the head of the Saco, and on the south, at a distance of several miles, the ocean, covered with white sail. In front of the beautiful little paradise, was a plain, spreading out over many thousands of acres, covered with the finest evergreens I ever saw. On one side appeared a clear, smooth, and tranquil lake, embosomed amid hills—such a lake as I have seen nowhere but in New England. Some convenient distance from this village, so far that improvement can never reach it, especially as the village was *finished* many years ago, and will probably never enlarge its borders, I remember to have seen, on one of my solitary rambles through the evergreen forest, a spot, whose seclusion I think will never be disturbed by the noise and din of mercenary life. That beautiful and romantic spot has stood there unmolested, while the *improvements* of two hundred years have been going on; and I think I may safely calculate on its remaining thus for two hundred years to come, unless I, as I think I shall, build me a hermitage on it. It is in the centre of an immense, uncultivated, and uninhabited plain. In the distance, is a range of mountains on the one side, and the ocean on the other. The plain is covered with evergreens, each of which would be worth an acre of land in the west, but which there are unappreciated and unnoticed. The land defies cultivation, and, hence, would never be cleared, unless the trees were cut off for wood, and, in that case, the young ones would grow as fast as the old ones were cut down. In the depth of the forest is a small lake. Its sides are perpendicular rock. Its depth I could never fathom. Near that lake, in the depth of that forest, with the mountains behind me, and the ocean before me, and a lovely village of refined, educated, hospitable people near enough to be visited when I want to see the world, I have concluded, on some future day, to build me a hermitage, so as to be sure to have a place that cannot be disturbed by railroads, canals, depots, rattling streets, and other nuisances. When I get all things fixed to my mind, I will mark the way to my cottage by blazing the trees, so that if any of my old friends think enough of me they can follow the trail.



I do not intend, however, to go away from here at present. It will be a year or two before the improvements get so far along as to annoy me. In the meantime, fair reader, I should like to see your pleasant face smiling amid my trees. If you come in the proper season, I can help you, or you can help yourself, to the fruits of the orchard. At all times I can hold to your lips a cup of clear, cold, pure water, gushing perennial out of the hillside. The little brook that flows along the valley from that spring, is always limpid and clear, and its banks are shaded by shrubbery and sprinkled with flowers. It is a place a maid might choose for her home; and yet (can you believe it?) a neighbor of mine came along the other day, and wanted to put a pipe into my spring, and take all the water out of my brook, despoiling my valley, to furnish him means of driving a rattling, squealing, smoking, steam saw-mill. I told him he might drive his mill by the same force a Yankee acquaintance of mine did—the *force of circumstances*. He had scarcely gone, when another came along, and wanted to pipe the spring to carry on the operations of a *pork-house*. Horror of horrors! Tell it not in Judea! In return I asked of him one favor: just let me know when he was ready to begin to erect a pork-house in sight of me, and I would leave the country the day before.

So you see, dear reader, I have reason, abundant reason, to be alarmed, and to be looking out a more safe retreat. And if you intend to visit me here, you had better come soon.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am here again, reader. Night has come and gone. The morning bell aroused me from quiet slumber. The mellow toll from the college steeple called me at the usual hour to prayers. Another day has nearly passed. I have spent it, as usual, amidst equations, triangles, conic sections, and differentials, with a sprinkling of logic and ethics. For the brief hour that remains I have come to my sequestered resort, to commune with nature and with thee. The day is beautiful, but not as was yesterday. The clear blue of the sky has given place to a light, thin haze, betokening the presence of great heat. The air is still. Not a leaf stirs, nor a blade of grass waves. In the west is gathering a dark cloud, and the distant thunder is heard rumbling over the woods that stretch away toward the Wabash prairies. To me the sight of gathering cloud, and the roar of distant thunder, are not unpleasant. They are sights and sounds familiar to me in days of yore. They remind me of the hills, and the plains, and the mountains, and the ocean, and the friends of my native land. Many years ago I was caught on a summer day by a thunder cloud on the summit of a lofty, rocky mountain, where there was not even a bush for shelter. I had spent many years of my youth in sight of the mountain, rearing its blue top high among the clouds, but had never visited it. I had been absent several years, and returning, I wondered

how I could have lived so long at the very base of so magnificent a mountain, and never have taken the pains to look at the world from its summit. It thus often happens that scenes of beauty or of grandeur easily accessible are not appreciated by us. One might live for years within sound of Niagara, and never think of going to see it; but let him move away to the west, or to the east, and he would make a long journey back to see what he might have seen by an hour's ride at any time for the past ten years. Even home and friends become more dear by temporary absence.

One fine morning, in company with a young friend, I started for a day's excursion to the mountain. We rode some ten miles over bush and brier, and through brake and forest, our horses tumbling over rocks, and pitching over fallen trees, until we came to a cedar swamp. Fair reader, *you* never saw a *cedar swamp*. How shall I describe it? Imagine all the horns of all the deer that have ever roamed in all the forests in all the world, to be piled about ten feet high, and as thick as they can be inserted in every way into an immense swamp, and then compel a poor wight to make his way through them. That would be something like the passage of a cedar swamp. The dense thicket throws out its dry and knotty limbs in every possible direction, and so close to the ground that a dog must stoop to get along. We left our horses tied to a bush, and plunged into the swamp, and by crawling, and climbing, and edging, and backing, with many a rent and many a scratch, we got through. We then had to ascend a steep hillside, through a forest of firs. Gradually the firs grew smaller and fewer, until we stood on the naked rock, rising, like an inclined and overthrown wall, far above us. Up the rugged rocks we clambered by foot, and by knee, and by elbow, and by hand, until we stood on the summit. We were just taking breath, when there swept over us a thick mist, drenching us to the skin. We stood shivering in the blast, as the wind swept howling by us, and enveloped in a shroud of mist, but for a moment, when the wind ceased, the cloud descended, and the sun shone on the place where we stood, calm, bright, and beautiful. Below us the smaller hills, the valleys, the lakes, the villages, and all the plain were covered by the dark thunder cloud, from which the lightnings were streaming, and the thunders roaring. We stood for some time gazing on the scene so new to us. We had climbed to this rugged summit to see the world below, and we watched for some opening or break in the clouds, that we might at least find our way down again. In one small spot, and for a moment only, the cloud gave way, and we saw in a deep valley below us, as if but a stone's throw, and yet in reality miles from us, a lovely village, surrounded by meadows and pastures drenched with the shower. The opening closed, and the next gust of wind brought back the same cloud which had passed us, or another of the same kind, and we were again copiously besprinkled,

until my companion averred, that, by actual count, he could find only fourteen dry threads in all his garments.

We stood some time waiting for an abatement of rain; but the more we waited, the more it rained. As night was approaching, we thought it time to be going. But which way? Nothing could be seen but cloud, and it was impossible to tell which way we had ascended. However, go which ever way we might, we could get down; and it was not many miles in any direction to a clearing; and should we happen to miss our horses, and they have to stand tied to a bush all night, it would be no worse than for us to remain on the mountain without the shelter of a leaf. So we plunged on at a venture, and, when we reached the limit of vegetation, we happened to discover the limb of a bush broken in our ascent. By this we found our trail. Had we been wise, as we ventured up without a guide, we should have taken the precaution to mark our path by erecting little stone heaps. It is unsafe to ascend an unknown mountain without provision against the chance of getting lost. I once had trial of this. I had ascended, with an Indian guide, in company with several other gentlemen, for scientific purposes, a very lofty mountain, in the depths of an unbroken forest, nearly one hundred miles from human habitation. The mountain was accessible only in one direction, all sides but one abounding in precipitous cliffs and deep ravines. We had scarcely time to make our observations, when we were enveloped in a violent storm of snow, blinding and freezing us. I started to return, and had not proceeded far, when I was hailed by the guide, and told that I was going wrong. I could not believe it. Indeed, I was sure I was on the same track by which I had ascended. Relying, however, on the knowledge and fidelity of the guide, I turned about, and soon discovered that I had been indeed going in exactly the wrong direction. Had I gone on, and succeeded in getting down the mountain on the plain below, I should have been lost in a wild and uninhabited forest, and might have wandered on without finding a sign of human creature, until I had approached the shores of the St. Lawrence, some one hundred miles below Quebec.

While I have been down east, the thunder shower has followed suit, and has gone by without a sprinkle of rain. I have seen it away to the north, rushing up the Wabash, scattering its lightnings and its rain along the prairies. It has now entirely disappeared. Not a cloud is to be seen in the fair sky. The sunlight, unobstructed, reaches the earth far as my horizon extends, and one beautiful expanse of blue is spread over the whole heavens. How slight a circumstance may have governed the course of that cloud! A breath of wind may have determined its direction! And how many incidents of human life may have depended on the course of that shower! Those lightnings may have kindled unquenchable fires in some human dwelling, or

may have scathed some human form, and laid it prostrate in death. That shower may have spread its fertilizing influence over the field of some despairing husbandman—despairing under the influence of heat and drouth—but now hoping and rejoicing in prospect of the abundant harvest. Circumstances not less slight than a breath of air may give rise to events which influence our whole mortal career. Besides the events that have happened to us, there are others which almost happened, and which would have marked for us a destiny of which we now dream not. From the highway of life there diverge many well-trodden pathways, and the merest chance may govern the choice we make, or may even force us into one in preference to another. And though these pathways may seem scarcely to vary from the parallel, yet they lead over very different ground. One leads through smiling meadows and lovely vales, amidst flowery beauties, and the other over dark mountains, amidst gloom and desolation. On one shines the sunlight of hope, and on the other falls the deep shadow of despair. But, however much these paths may for a time diverge, yet all at last lead to one place—the grave.

Would you, reader, if you could, have the superintendence of all the events which influence your fate in life? Would you trust your own knowledge or prudence to guide you through the dark labyrinth of human life? Alas! in this labyrinth we find no thread to guide us. We wander on, and stumble along, knowing little of what is before us. But there is an unseen hand that guides us. Though we are unconscious of its presence, yet it is ever stretched out to our aid. We need not, therefore, hesitate. Though we walk through the valley of the shadow of death, we need fear no evil; for Providence is ever near us.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another day and another night have passed, gentle reader, and I am here again for an hour. Time, how it passes! and how silently, yet effectually, it works its changes! How imperceptibly has passed from my heart the buoyancy of early days! and how insidiously the gray hairs have crept over my temple! Time's hand is seen, not in wrath but in kindness, in the changes which are passing over this little bower, so dear to me. A rough pasture, encumbered by fallen trees, and overgrown by unsightly weeds, is transformed into a smooth lawn, with its velvety sod. Weeds have given place to lilies, and roses, and violets. Pines, firs, and spruce, transplanted from my native home on the Atlantic shore, a thousand miles and more away, are growing luxuriantly around me, throwing their shade over me, and forming a dense thicket, such as I used to admire and love in childhood. Year after year they will increase and spread their evergreen foliage, until they make this little spot a gem amidst the surrounding scenery. But what will become of my bower, and of my trees, which begin to seem like my children, when I am here no more to watch and protect them? For here my



vigilant eye may not always watch to keep off the intruder, who would thoughtlessly wrench away their branches, or the unruly animal that might destroy them. The beautiful pine that now waves and sighs mournfully in the wind over the grave of my child, may soon—alas! none know how soon—play, in summer breeze and wintry storm, the dirge of him who planted it. Who then will come here at early morn, and at evening twilight, to watch over the trees, and the flowers, and the grave? Little do we know, when we plant a tree, who will gather its fruit, or sit under its shade. The very spot we cultivate and adorn, until it may vie with

“That fair field  
Of Enna, where Proserpine, gathering flowers,  
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis  
Was carried off, or that sweet grove  
Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired  
Castalian spring,”

may be rushed over by a steam car, or hacked to pieces by a saw-mill, or desecrated by the rooting of unclean beasts, or fall into the possession of one who would cut down an ornamental evergreen to repair his fence, dig up the rose-bushes, thinking them briars, and who would not spare the old tree, under which I now write, because its shade might interfere with his clover patch.

Where shall we find a place to be buried with the assurance that our remains shall not be disturbed by the everlasting progress of improvement? Where is there a city, or a village of expansibility, in America, in which the place of the dead has proved sacred from the intrusion of improvements of some kind? I have seen, even in the Puritanical city of Boston, the grave-yards dug up, and the moldering coffins and bones of the dead thrown out into the open ground, to make room for cellars, and dwellings, and stores. I know a village in my native state. The first time I passed over the ground where it now stands, not a dwelling could be seen. The last time I saw it, I noticed the neat, beautiful, and retired cemetery, in the depths of a forest of pines. I thought, of all places I had ever seen, that sequestered spot would be the most desirable resting-place in which to lie down and sleep the long sleep of the grave. The old pines would sing a requiem, and nothing would ever disturb the quiet spot. But I have just learned that the money-making interests of the village are so encroaching on the resting-place of the dead, that they are hurriedly opening the graves, unceremoniously tumbling out the dead, and packing them off into some *cheaper* and more distant ground.

I would be glad to find a place for a grave secure from intrusion. I would rather be buried in the sea than on earth, if the place must be liable to desecration, to accommodate the business interest of the world.

“What is the chief end of man?” says the old catechism. The answer should be, “To get money;” no matter how, nor when, nor where, nor at what

cost. Every thing interfering with this great object of human pursuit must give way. For myself, I never could see how taste, science, humanity, and every other interest, both of the living and the dead, should necessarily yield to this one interest—money-making. But the world thinks different from me, and they are the majority, and I must let them have their way.

### MY MOTHER DEAR.

—  
BY A. HILL.  
—

Long years have passed, my gentle mother dear,  
Since thou didst leave me, where I yet remain,  
A suffering child of fickle fortune, here,  
To measure out my weary steps in pain;  
And the cold sod thy gentle bosom presses,  
Where once thy infant boy slept midst thy warm  
caresses.

They tell me, that o'er thy unconscious child,  
The tear, unbidden, from thine eye would start;  
Then, with an impulse strangely soft and mild,  
That thou wouldst press him to thy throbbing  
heart;  
Then breathe thine ardent love in earnest prayer,  
“O God! bless this, my youngest born, committed  
to thy care!”

How often has my weary spirit pined,  
For love like thine, my “gentle, gentle mother,”  
And wept, because I sought in vain to find  
That depth of love maternal in another!  
Yet I was bless'd, and must not now complain;  
For I could never hope to find such ardent love  
again.

I see thy grave, my gentle mother dear,  
Where many a storm in winter's time hath swept;  
Two lovely sisters sleep beside thee there,  
And one kind brother, who for years hath slept  
In his young grave. Thrice hallowed be that  
spot;  
And ne'er, while memory lasts, shall either be for-  
got.

Say, mother dear, dost thou behold thy son  
Mid the stern conflict and the din of strife?  
And, from the peaceful heavens, look down upon  
Thy youngest born in this eventful life?  
I seem to feel thy presence, and its power  
Nerves my sad heart anew in the distressing  
hour.

A holy charm thus keeps my spirit back  
From rude adventure, and from sad despair;  
An angel form is ever on my track  
That whispers, in temptation's hour, “Beware!”  
My mother dear, that angel form is thine.  
May *such* a heavenly guardian *evermore* be mine!

## REV. ROBERT EMORY, D. D.

BY ONE OF HIS PUPILS.

"O what a grace was seated on his brow!  
A combination and a form indeed  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man."

THIS sketch is the tribute of affection. It is the free thank-offering of a grateful heart. The writer does not expect to do full justice to the life and character of the departed Emory, whose image still lives in his imagination, and whose greatness impresses his heart. No highly-wrought eulogium is necessary; simple truth is, in this case, exalted praise.

We saw him first at a camp meeting in — county, Md., in the year 1839. Never shall we forget the impression his appearance and his movements made upon us. To see him was to discover that he was no ordinary man; for his great soul shone out in his countenance, and lighted up, indeed, a "human face divine." That face, fair, long, and angular, was more expressive of greatness than of sweetness—showed more of the grave and stern than of the courteous and complacent. The eye was calm and a little cold, the lips compressed, the nose prominent, and more Grecian than Roman. His was a face that indicated the "mind's construction"—a mind gifted to command. The stateliness of his person, and the dignity of his bearing, free from effort and assumption, gave him the power to awake the reverence rather than to win the affection of a stranger. To this manliness of deportment was added the attraction of youth, and to these the lustre of piety and zeal. During his stay at that meeting, he was not found lounging in the preachers' tent, hearing or relating anecdotes, or discussing vexed theological questions. At that early period of his ministry, he declared that he had no taste for such pastime. In the intervals of preaching, he could be seen in the prayer meetings at the stand, or in some of the tents, encouraging the pious, instructing the penitent, warning the careless, and pleading with the backslidden. His example stimulated the brethren to increased activity, and his deep interest in the salvation of souls was not without fruit. More than one veteran sinner owned him as the instrument, through God, in his conversion. We do not know how often he preached at that meeting, but the effect produced by his preaching a sermon to young men, was decided and powerful. Tears flowed from eyes unused to weep; and some, who had long and successfully resisted the Spirit of the Lord, were cut to the heart by his pointed, pathetic appeals, and went trembling and weeping to the altar. Often as we have heard him preach since, we think we never heard him preach so eloquently and so successfully. The scenes of that hour—the earnestness of the preacher's manner, and the radiance of his countenance, the tears and sobs of the congregation, the

rush to the altar, the gust of prayer and praise that arose from pious and penitent hearts—are all associated with the first recollections of Professor Emory. He left that camp-ground the object of the love of all present, and the subject of most hopeful prophecy.

In a few weeks after this, we followed him to Dickinson College. At the preceding session of the Baltimore conference, he had been appointed to Harford circuit; but he could not be spared so soon from the College. Around this institution his heart tenderly clung. Here the first efforts of his early-matured mind were put forth, and the results were flattering to his holy ambition. As professor, he was remarkably popular. The ease and skill with which he performed the duties of his chair made him respected—the solicitude he felt for the advancement of each student made him beloved. He knew how to assist the timid, encourage the disheartened, restrain the presumptuous, and goad the indolent. He did not rule his little dominion with a rod of iron; but within it he was complete master. So far was his firmness from austerity, his lenity from laxity, his courage from rashness, and his displeasure from vindictiveness—so completely seemed the energy of youth blended with the prudence of age, that he compelled obedience by the weight of his character, and thus allowed no one to despise his youth. An intimate association with such a man for four years—deferentially listening to his instructions, presenting the tender mind to his plastic power, and receiving the impress of his mighty mind—would enshrine him in the secret adytum of the heart. And such was the case. For at each succeeding Commencement, as the *alumni* of the College returned to their homes, rich in scientific and classic spoil, they carried with them that fond remembrance—that idolatrous reverence for Professor Emory which students always entertain toward a kind and faithful instructor.

But in another relation he made himself useful and beloved. To instruct the head, to bring out the latent powers of the mind, was not the only duty he recognized as a teacher of youth. While he pointed his pupils to the toils and rewards of Parnassus, he did not fail to tell them of the more rugged steeps and the brighter glories of Calvary. He led them to Castalia, it is true, and saw, with a parent's rapture, the delight with which they drank of that fount; but he strove, also, to lead them to the Fountain of living water—to the well of water springing up into everlasting life. In the same room in which were daily recited the strong and nervous sentences of Thucydides and Demosthenes, the amative and triumphal strains of Anacreon and Pindar, the terrible sublimities of Æschylus, and the moving creations of his brethren of the Greek drama, the piercing satire of Juvenal and Horace, Cicero's full, polished periods, and the terse epigrammatic Tacitus—in this room, on Sabbath mornings, was assembled a band of youth, whose hearts were filled with an inspiration fuller and purer than



was ever bestowed by the Sacred Nine; from whose lips burst songs, if not more musical, at least more hopeful and healthful than the Parthenon or the Pantheon ever echoed; and who uttered a philosophy more holy and sublime than that of the Lyceum or the Academy. Here, in the class meeting, were forgotten the distinctions and the differences of greatness, and were considered only the incentives and rewards of goodness. Here were sons who had been reluctantly sent from the tender guardianship of parents to brave the dangers and temptations of college. Could parents have assembled with them, and heard the instructions and exhortations that were here poured upon their sons' hearts, from a bosom full of solicitude, the joyful tears of the parents would have mingled with those of the students and the Professor, and they would have felt satisfied. There is no calculus by which to determine how much good was effected by those pious instructions on Sabbath mornings. In regard to them, though Emory be dead, yet he speaketh, and doubtless will speak for years to come. The eye of some one of those who met in that class more frequently than the writer, may fall upon this sketch. He will recall class-hours full of hope and happiness. He will see again that manly form, slightly inclined, the elbow resting upon the railing by his desk, the hand half shadowing his face, and that face full of the piety that found expression from his lips, and exhibition in his life. Strange faces are in that room now. It echoes strange voices. Professor Emory and his class shall tread it no more!

It was not the popular manners of Robert Emory that secured so strongly the regard of students. Though rather easily approached, there was an atmosphere of dignity surrounding the man, to breathe which was to assure one that he stood before a being of superior mold. He seemed to live in an element above many of the innocent pleasures of life. His mind seemed busy with great and discursive thought. If he knew how to use, he seldom attempted those little attentions and familiarities—now a winning word and now a cheering smile—which vivify, like sunshine and showers, the germ of friendship in the young heart. But he secured a firm hold on the esteem of the student, by showing an interest in every thing that was for his good—his health, his comfort, his morals, his instruction. Thus, instead of tampering with the sentinels or bribing the guards of the heart, he carried the citadel by a *coup de main*.

Pressed by a sense of duty, and longing for a wider sphere of usefulness, he had resolved to give himself up wholly to the ministry. Arrangements having been made to supply his place at Dickinson, he was reappointed to Harford circuit in the spring of 1840. The next year he was stationed in Baltimore. In 1842, he accepted the Presidential chair of Dickinson College, which he filled during Dr. Durbin's tour in the east. In 1844, he was stationed at Columbia-street, Baltimore. Early in this year, he was married. In June, of this same year, he

was appointed presiding elder of Carlisle district, in the place of Rev. C. B. Tippet; and in July, 1845, he was chosen President of Dickinson College. Thus this, the scene of his first, was, also, the scene of his last labors. As President, he was, perhaps, more popular than he had been as Professor. It is true, his characteristic precision prompted him to draw strongly the reins of discipline, and his active spirit devised means for more efficient instruction, by which the labors of the student were increased. He infused his spirit into the whole institution. His eye was upon every department; and if there was the least jar or friction in the machinery, he had the eye to detect, and the skill to remove it. There were some who complained that too much was required and too much expected—that the President did not know how to make allowance for the obliquities of youth, having been an old man from his birth; yet, while they were chafed by the discipline, they were compelled to respect and revere the President. But he was only a terror to evil-doers. The son of indulgence, whom the "second bell" had no power to arouse to morning prayers, nor the mark of the professor to bring to morning recitation, would often have extended his night far into the day, had he not feared the subsequent summons to the President's room, where he knew he would be mortified and self-condemned by the searching appeals to his honor, his ambition, and his filial gratitude. His paternal watchfulness sometimes led him at night to the room of some luckless student, who, very naturally concluding that the physical required nourishment as well as the mental, had left mathematics and languages to keep house, while he indulged, "down town," in the luxury of a plate of oysters or an ice-cream, and who, on returning to his room in high glee, would find a sudden change come over the spirit of his dream, on seeing upon his table a visiting card, bearing the well-known chirography—*Robt. Emory*. The same anxious care sometimes made him an unwelcome visitor to rooms where a deeply-studious quartette bent over their cards, the bright colors and mad inspiration of which had for them more attraction than the printed, classic page. With all such he was decided but kind. Under such administration the advancing interests of the College received a new impulse. High hopes were cherished by its friends. Bold projects were made, and plans for their execution set on foot. We were present at the Commencement of July, 1847, the last at which Dr. Emory presided. It was easy to mark the change in his appearance. His duties exhausted him. His frame was yielding to a powerful foe. And yet few thought the work of destruction would be so soon completed. We saw him last among the gay and cheerful groups that attended his soiree, the evening after Commencement. A few months after, he was on his way to the West Indies, to seek in another clime that health which was denied him in his own. Frequently came the tidings that his health was no better. The winter

passed away, and scarcely had spring come upon us from the south, when it was heard, by anxiously-inquiring friends, that, by slow stages, and with rapidly-declining strength, Dr. Emory was returning to his friends—to die. Worn by toil, and wasted by disease, he reached Baltimore in time to breathe his dying words into the ears of his most intimate friends. These words were not rapturous, but full of confidence. Christ, he said, was his hope, and in him he trusted. His death, in its composure, and in its solemn, silent sublimity, reminds us of the death of Wesley. It was not the flash of the meteor, but the gentle, steady, cloudless sinking of the sun, the narrow disk of his meridian now broadened into fullness and maturity, and the bright fire of his rays now tempered into ruddy soberness. Long will the twilight of that sunken sun continue.

It remains to speak of Mr. Emory as a Methodist preacher. In the field of itinerancy there is room for the exercise of the most versatile and gigantic powers. All the learning, all the genius, all the religion of the most gifted and the best, can find here "ample room and verge enough" for employment. To enter upon the duties, share the toils, and endure the sacrifices of the traveling preacher, was the desire and intention of him who, up to the time of his leaving Dickinson College, had spent most of his life within college walls, and knew little of hardship and exposure. But his heart was fired with the love of souls, and he longed to go forth and call the lost and sinning home to his Father's house and bosom. His first field of labor was Harford circuit. His success here proves that he did not enter upon his responsible duties as a mere novice. Like the fabled goddess, in his very ministerial birth, he possessed the vigor and skill of maturity. He had, doubtless, long made Methodism his study. He had become familiar with its fathers, both of England and America. He had drank of its spirit; he was animated with its life. Its aggressive character accorded with his propulsive nature—its high and glorious tendencies well suited his lofty and daring soul—its catholic, all-pervading spirit, coincided with his philanthropic heart. To this work he applied all the energy of his character, the strength of his youth, and the fruit of his professional industry. On his circuit he found but few Sabbath schools. To this interest he turned his attention. He made addresses to parents and to Christians in general. He planned and labored in every possible way, until almost every appointment rejoiced in one of these nurseries of piety. Nor did he stop at merely getting them started; he nursed them afterward. As often as possible he met the schools, directed the teachers, instructed and encouraged the children, rewarding them with premiums for their industry, and occasionally appealing to their hearts through their appetites and imagination, by festivals and processions. These efforts were abundantly successful.

He was assiduous in discharging his pastoral duties. The difficulties attending pastoral visitation, and the fact that it is too generally neglected, rather fired than cooled his zeal. He felt that his mission was to the poor as well as to the rich—to the obscure rather than to the exalted, and it was his aim to see that it was fulfilled. He would sometimes leave his horse at a convenient place, and start out on a visiting tour, crossing the fields, climbing the fences, threading the woods, "bowing his 'anointed head' beneath the wooden lintel of the poor man's door," like his Master, searching for the scattered sheep of the fold. Some had feared that the young preacher, the Bishop's son, the Professor from Dickinson, would not sympathize with the simple country people; but he had scarce gone his first round on his circuit, before all fear on this score was dissipated, and soon his praise was upon the tongues of all. His intercourse with his people impressed them at once with his greatness and his goodness. They saw that one grand purpose absorbed his whole soul. He strove to gain the children by kindness and familiarity, by holy instruction suited to their capacity, by some wholesome advice, which would leave a sweet fragrance when he was absent, and not by idle jests and amusing anecdotes. The parents did not expect him as a jovial companion, with face full of laughter and lips full of humor. All welcomed him as a teacher of holy things—as a kind and gentle encourager and instructor in the way of salvation. He left holy and healthful influences behind him wherever he went. His industry was exemplary. Few minutes hung idly upon his hands. His studies, his visiting, and his preaching consumed his time.

Mr. Emory was not an orator, in the popular sense. Soul-thrilling, burning, rapt eloquence, was rarely, if ever, found upon his lips. His imagination was not remarkable. There was little of poetic fervor in his blood, and none of the fire of genius in his eye. He was more skilled in using the heavy ordnance of logic, than the lighter weapons of rhetoric. Yet he was always impressive, and sometimes he might be called eloquent. The fire of his zeal, always ardent, sometimes burst forth in a bright flame. It was impossible to hear him without being interested; seldom could he be heard without profit. He generally drew large audiences, and was very successful in winning souls to God, and in building up the Church.

Of Dr. Emory in private life we know but little. We have heard many speak of his winning words, and of the power he possessed of interesting children and binding them to him. We are sure that when he unbent himself, when the restraint of business was removed, he could drink in those sweet and gentle delights, which, like the fragrance of the sweet-brier and the honey-suckle, float around the domestic board. Few could enjoy the comforts of home and the intercourse of friends more rationally than he. His mien exhibited a dignity and loftiness, a coldness and isolation, which was not



felt in his heart. His was a tender heart, and it was his delight to exercise its tenderness. Many a student has rejoiced, when sick among strangers, that Professor Emory was so careful and anxious for his comfort. We remember to have heard a preacher, who was on Dr. Emory's district, say that there could not be a more Christianlike and kind presiding elder than Dr. Emory had shown himself to be. This sensitiveness of heart was seen in the tears that coursed down his face upon the solemn occasion of his ordination; and in those manly tears with which he baptized his eloquent speech before the business committee of the London Evangelical Alliance. This tenderness, apparently contrasting with the dignity and gravity of his person, was the complement of his character. This was the soft, mellow light, that gave relief to the point and angularity of the picture:

"His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, *This was a man.*"

## DESPONDENCY.

BY MARIE.

WHY art thou, O, my soul! cast down,  
And why o'erprest with fear?  
Pierce through the cloud of unbelief—  
Behold thy Savior near.  
His chaste'nings are in mercy sent  
To mold thee to his will;  
Then humbly bow beneath the stroke;  
Jesus is with thee still.

And why dost thou by murmuring  
His Holy Spirit grieve?  
His word declares all shall be well  
With those who will believe.  
Then trust him, O, my soul! his love  
Shall shield thee from all harm;  
Thy rest shall be beneath his wing,  
And thy support his arm.

Reflect on mercies that are past—  
On blessings now bestowed—  
On every soothing promise left,  
To cheer thee on the road—  
On all thy Savior's sufferings  
Upon the bloody tree;  
Then think that every drop was shed  
To purchase peace for thee.

And murmur not, because thy lot  
Is not exempt from woe,  
But strive, with patient faith and love,  
The will of God to know.  
A few more sighs and bitter tears,  
And thou shalt be at rest,  
And every care be sweetly soothed  
Upon the Savior's breast.

## THE DYING PHILOSOPHER.

BY W. P. JONES, JR.

Low o'er the vale Night waves her shadowy wand,  
And, save the babbling rill that played sweet  
                  strains

Among the flowers, silence held mount and dale;  
Whilst Cynthia, from late-replenished horn,  
Poured forth her mellow light, and heaven's soft  
                  tears

Hung dew-drops on each branch and listless leaf.  
In beauty robed Nature looked on and wept; for,  
                  'neath

Yon peaceful shade, a sage, time-honored, came  
To give surrender of himself to God.  
Reclining on his couch, he lay serene  
And calm. 'Twould seem he waited there some  
                  glad,

Expected messenger—some spirit pure,  
Sent thither from the star, whose pensive ray  
Came stealing through the latticed boughs 'neath  
                  which

He asked to die.

The sage philosopher. Beside him lay  
No stain-polluted sword. Around no orphan's cry  
Or widow's moan was heard to call aloud  
For vengeance on the conquerer's head.  
In mortal strife he had not sought to wreath  
His brow with laurels steeped in gore. He walked  
In science's path. With crucible, and lamp,  
And magic glass, he sought for truth refined—  
In nature's deep-laid strata saw design,  
And harmony, and power supreme revealed—  
In every drop that trickled from the rock,  
Beheld, in miniature, a world, cast  
As from chaos forth—pursued the comet high  
In his fiery chariot, girt with flame,  
Careering through the realms of space—  
Beheld unnumbered suns, and saw them chain  
New planets to their golden cars, and sweep  
In mystic circle, round the eternal throne.  
No wild conjecture ever passed beyond  
The bounds that judgment's silver cord had placed  
To thought. Content to know what reason's light  
Revealed, he saw, acknowledged God in all  
His ways, and sweet reflection brought delight.  
Dark Unbelief had never hung her sable cloud  
Above the spirit's path, and now bold Faith,  
In sacred bond with Love, bids earth "adieu,"  
And smiles to feel the chill frost gather round  
The heart.

Death mocked those smiles,  
Then bore on his fiercest thunderbolt  
To crush the wasted skeleton, and rack  
The parting soul. Still on those features played  
Angelic rapture. Death *feared* and *fled*.  
Just as a light cloud flits across the moon  
He passed, and all was bright again—  
Bright as the radiance of a seraph's glance,  
But still calm as the cradled breeze that slept  
Among the hills. *The mighty man was dead.*

## SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

BY HARMONY.

It was a calm and lovely morning, about the first of September, when the summer and autumn breezes are most delightfully blending, that father and I set out for a jaunt to the valley of the Chenango. All nature was gleaming in the light of the sun, and the birds were mingling their glad voices in joyous carol, as if earth were indeed a paradise. The air was cool and exhilarating; the trees gemmed with dew, and the brilliant sunshine turning them all to diamonds. There was an occasional cloud moving slowly over the face of the sky—no more; and as, amidst the inspiring loveliness of the scene, I joyed in its invigorating influences, I half exclaimed, with the sweet poetess,

"Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall—  
A joy thou art and a wealth to all—  
A beam of hope unto land and sea—  
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?"

It is a pleasant season to travel when the fruits are in full perfection. They had escaped the late spring frosts, which, in some parts of New York, are so apt to blight them, and were ripening most beautifully. Every tree, large and small, seemed to have brought its blossoms to perfection; their limbs were literally loaded and bent down to the ground, with their delicious burden hanging in rich luxuriance. The autumnal wild flowers were just beginning to come forth in their rich colors, while here and there some few of the "last roses of summer" were lingering as if unwilling to fade away. As yet there had been no nights of frost to work a change upon leaf or flower, and yet there was something in the aspect of all around which conveyed to the mind a presentiment of decay. A dead leaf, fluttering ever and anon in our pathway, seemed to shadow forth the future. We looked upon the surrounding beauties that must so soon fade away, as upon a lovely friend, who still appears gay and beautiful, while we know that a fatal disease is working at the fountain of life.

For the first few miles, I was not so much interested with the country through which we were passing. I had been over the ground to Syracuse so often, that it seemed tame and uninteresting. Father is an old itinerant preacher, and, of course, knew every body, and every body knew him. Every person we met must needs stop and shake hands, and talk awhile with the elder. I turned to him to solve the mystery of "who was who," and then followed a recital of the history of each individual—for father loves to tell stories; and many useful and amusing ones he has gleaned here and there in the highways and by-ways of a long and active life. Blessings on the cheerful old man!

The sun had well-nigh reached his meridian height when we arrived at Syracuse. Who would suppose that not more than thirty years ago the

spot where this ambitious, thriving city is now situated, with a population of near twelve thousand, was a dreary marsh, extending as far as the eye could reach—with here and there clusters of low, scrubby pines and cedar, and witch-hazel, and bunches of flag, with tall trees scattered about? On either side were hills covered with dark, green woods. And the shrill scream of the water birds, and the dismal one of the screech owl, and the monotonous tones of the frogs, made the spot strangely dreary and desolate. There were a few buildings of the coarsest construction, inhabited by those who could withstand the chills and fever for the purpose of manufacturing salt.

Father related a story that he had picked up somewhere, which illustrates the character of some of the early settlers of this once dreary, marshy place, and at the same time shows what perseverance and determination to succeed may accomplish.

"In the year 1829, on a cold, November night, a tall, green youngster alighted from the stage before the door of the only tavern; and, after a fruitless search of several minutes for his baggage, during which the driver and the passengers were very impatient, he turned away, and, with a doleful expression, declared his baggage was gone.

"'I'm dreadful 'fraid it's been stole,' said he; 'and if it has I'm ruined—that's sartain. It was all I had on airth.'

"'What was your baggage?' inquired the driver, leaving his seat.

"'It was all I had, I tell you, my clothes and things, and all my money.'

"The sympathies of the passengers and landlord, with several of the citizens, were awakened for the poor fellow, and again was the inquiry made,

"'What was your baggage? a valise, or a carpet-bag?'

"'A carpet-bag? No. What on airth is a carpet-bag? It was a bran fire new pocket-handkercher, that mother gin me when I left hum; and all my things was tied up in it.'

"'Well, what were your things?'

"'Why, there was tew bran-new shirts, and tew pair of stockings, and my Sunday trowsers and vest, my Testament, and twelve shillin'; all I had in the world!'

"'Where were you going?' inquired the landlord.

"'I wa'n't goin' no furthur, now; I cum here tew stop, if I can get a chance to dew somethin'.'

"'What can you do?' inquired a salt manufacturer.

"'Well, I can work on a farm, chop wood, and dew chores, or any thing a'most, as I used to dew at hum in Varmount.'

"'Well,' said the salt manufacturer, 'I will hire you, and give you twelve dollars a month, beside your board.'

"'It's a bargain. But I should like tew know what on airth has become of my baggage.'



"No matter about that; I will help you to get some new shirts, and you can soon earn enough to make up all your losses. I presume your baggage has been stolen."

"I move, gentlemen," said the landlord, "that we make up the amount of money the stranger has lost; I will give two shillings toward it besides his supper."

"The motion prevailed, and the money was soon made up, and the Yankee went with his employer to his residence. And now it is said that the same raw Yankee, as they used to call him, is rich. He married the daughter of his first employer. The old man died about three years after, and he became the sole proprietor of his salt block, his wife being the only child living. It is said, too, that he remembers how he was helped in the day of trouble, and that no cleverer man lives in the world."

About half a mile north of Central-street, high above houses, trees, and other hills, is Prospect Hill. This hill is a great place of resort in summer time, because of its cool and delightful breeze—its distant and beautiful country prospects. Villages, with their spires pointing to the sky, and meadows, forests, lakes, and silvery streams appear on every side, distant as well as near. And farm-houses are thickly strewn about, around which the hand of cultivation has spread all the charms of the rural landscape. The grove adjoining the hill is a delightful place of meeting for rural picnic parties. The refreshments are spread under the shade of the tall maples and wide-spreading beeches, the green moss and grassy hillocks forming appropriate seats. After partaking of the dainties, the different parties might be seen in groups walking about on the hill, gazing on the magnificent view, and seated in the grove, passing away the hours with jest, and story, and song, till the lengthened shadows warned them that their day of pleasure was closed.

It is said the birds seem to congregate in that grove more than in any other place. I inquired of father why he supposed they preferred that spot. His opinions were various. He thought it was because its echoes were clearer, and on account of its beauty, and because of the many who gathered there to hear them sing, contending that birds have as much vanity as girls—that they always will sing as long as they can get listeners and admirers.

But the ambitious citizens have decided that the summit of beautiful Prospect Hill must be cut down, and forty feet of its height has been thrown off into the valley on either side, and a foundation thus laid for the buildings of the state, if the people will consent. The good people of Syracuse, in imagination, already see the elegant stone buildings, built from the beautiful quarries of its own neighborhood, and the flag of the country playing in the breeze from the cupola and spire; and around it the public squares, ornamented with walks and groves; and on the maps and public records appear the beautiful words, "Syracuse, the capital of New York." This beautiful hill is now a ragged, ill-

shapen, rough-looking place—"not the attractive roughness of nature," says one, "where even symmetry and order appear in what is misshapen, but it is ragged and rough by art, and, therefore, looks badly."

But we will leave Prospect Hill and the enterprising citizens of Syracuse, and pass along our way. As we ascended the height of land, we turned to gaze upon the receding city. Beautiful it was, that pile of bricks and mortar! surrounded by some of the finest "country residences" the eye ever beheld, and the smooth, blue surface of the lake rippling and sparkling in their midst. We continued to gaze until the buildings dwindled into an undistinguishable promiscuousness of form, save now and then the conic steeple of a church, when father exclaimed, "What abject poverty and princely wealth—what miseries and joyous scenes—what scenes of philanthropy and haunts of vice and dissipation—what contrasts and contrarieties characterize yonder city!" "And yet, father," I could but reply, "it is just as good as any other city; and I hope its redeeming qualities far counterbalance its derelictions. But I envy not the glitter, or fashion, or conveniences of city life."

In a little time more the city had passed from our sight, as all the beautiful things of earth must pass, and left but its recollection to the wanderer. The hills tower around us on every hand, with their crowning trees, like guardian genii of the land. Yet, rugged and hilly as it is, the land is well-cultivated, and well-adapted to the culture of grain, which had been cut, and stood in sheaves ready to be stowed away in the huge barns; and the corn stood tall, and straight, and luxuriant, waving its rich tassels stirred by the cooling breeze, rapidly ripening; and the white buckwheat, looking like a bed of blossoms! and the heavy-laden orchards, with their rich fruits glancing to the sun! Verily, the earth overfloweth with its abundance of good things! Providence, ever bountiful, has blessed the agriculturist this season beyond his hopes.

Over these hills, in ages past, the swift-footed deer, and numerous fleet and graceful animals, have roved untamed, and browsed the hillside herbage, and fed upon the tender grass, and slaked their thirst at the lake side, or the narrow stream in yonder valley. In the mornings and evenings the hunters of the forest have lain in ambush near the salt-springs, or, as they were called, "deer-licks," and shot down the deer which resorted to these their favorite haunts, or else, in the rude canoe, they gave the fugitive chase on the lake; and, if they captured the terrified animal, the hunting-knife would pass remorselessly across the poor creature's throat, crimsoning the transparent water with the last gush of its heart's blood. But this seems too cruel to speak of. I imagine many important events may have occurred here; for these hills are somewhat famed in Indian story. Here they might once have lighted their council fires, or met in grave

silence to smoke the pipe of peace; beneath these sods the tomahawk may lie deep imbedded in the earth, as it was buried centuries since at the cessation of hostilities; and now, as the solitary Indian meets you, he seems as one who is mourning his companions, and anticipating the time when he shall be forgotten in the hunting-grounds of his fathers.

But yonder appears the sweet little lake called Oneida. There is a romance connected with this spot, which I heard not long since. "The daughter of a nobleman in France loved an untitled, unwealthy merchant. But their marriage was forbidden by her father, who, in his misguided ambition, attempted a compulsory union with a nobleman who was at heart a villain, instead of the worthy person who was her heart's first choice. She, one night, when stillness had stolen over the household, accompanied by a servant, armed and in disguise, with their equipage for a journey, glided, with stealthy step, down the winding stairs that opened upon a balcony leading into the garden. The door opened and closed without noise, and they passed into the street from a back entrance, where a muffled carriage and gentleman were in waiting. They sprang into the carriage, and drove off without discovery. The lady left a letter in her room for her father, informing him of her private marriage with the one who had long possessed her affections, and that, ere breakfast the next day, they should be on their way to America, from which place he should hear from her again. The excitement which prevailed in the mansion, when the elopement was discovered, can hardly be imagined. But the threats and excitement of her father were of no avail; for the ship had been gone two hours.

"It was here, by this lovely lake, that they built a log house; and, in this wilderness home, the lady who had been reared in affluence, and surrounded by all the advantages of wealth and distinction, lived, subject to deprivation and many hardships. The dark forest around them, which reached to the water's edge, echoed with the sound of the axe and the falling trees, and out upon the lake glided the Indian's canoe, and scattered around them were their wigwams, with here and there a rude dwelling of the same description as their own—the home of some hardy pioneer. But when years had passed away, she still said she was happy, and never for a moment had regretted their adventure.

"She wrote to her father, and painted her home in the American wilderness, and the wild scenes around them, with all the enthusiasm of her own heart. In answer to her letter, he wrote one full of bitter unforgiveness. This was a severe trial to her affectionate heart; for she still loved her father, though she could not feel to sacrifice her own happiness to the pleasure of his will and ambition.

"Not many years had passed, however, ere her father discovered the villany of the nobleman to whom he wished to unite his daughter; and he made a journey to America on purpose to ask her

forgiveness. He died soon after he arrived; and, on examining his papers, a will was found, duly attested, making his daughter the heiress of one million francs and all his estates in France. Her husband disposed of his property here, and removed to Havre, France, and was among the most wealthy merchants there. One of their daughters is the wife of an American merchant who resides in the city of New York. Last summer, that merchant and his lady visited the shores of this lovely lake, to view the spot which had once been the home of her parents. Such are life's changes and romances!"

Our route was through a beautiful and fertile tract of country. Numerous beautiful and thriving villages look out from the hillsides, and up from the sweet valleys with cheerful countenances.

After a day of pleasant travel, we came around the hill in view of Cazenovia and the lake, which is startlingly near. It is impossible to give the faintest outline of that lovely view, as it burst suddenly upon us in all its picturesque and exquisite beauty. The crystal lake kindled by the crimson glow of sunset. How appropriately did Mrs. Hemans adopt a Scriptural expression to a similar scene—"a sea of glass mingled with fire!" And the tall green elms on the bank! how deeply, how intensely green they look, contrasted with the roseate hue of their back-ground, "a magnificent relieve," and the fine dwellings, half hid amidst the trees and shrubbery, with their soft green slopes and gravel walks, the residences of the wealthy who love retirement! Beyond rise the guardian angels of the village, the steeples of the churches, and near the centre, standing amid a group of trees, is the pride of the village—a spacious building, whose spire and belfry betoken the abode of science and literature. At this season of the year, when the trees which adorn the streets are clothed in their leafy attire, this is truly a charming village. Happy memories of its loveliness, and of the sensations of sublimity that oppressed me, as we came down the hillside, will linger round my heart for many days to come. It was not wild or grand, but, O, so exceedingly beautiful!

Early on the following morning, we again set out on our way. It was a cloudy morning; a fog lay heavy upon the lake, the foliage of the trees was all uncurled by damp, and the grass sent up a white steam. But soon the bright rays of the sun broke through the mist with his beams, bathing the fair face of creation with a shower of golden light. The freshness of the morning breeze saluted me with its renovating kiss, imparting new vigor to my enfeebled frame. I enjoy this way of traveling exceedingly: it is so unlike the smooth traveling on railways and in steamboats; climbing the hills, passing through sweet valleys, with generally pretty good roads—a little jolting occasionally over stones and ruts, if you have an easy carriage, is not unpleasant—and, by way of finale, to take turns in walking up the steepest hills in pity for the poor horse. It is exceedingly pleasant.



By the way, I had quite a romantic adventure, which I will relate, kind reader, for your amusement. We had descended a gently-sloping hill; and father drove under a tree for the pony to rest in the shade. On one side of the road, in a deep gorge, a little stream tumbled musically along over huge stones and fragments of rock, forming a dashing little waterfall. Blackberries were at their finest, and they grew in abundance down the bank. I clambered down to gather some of them. I pulled a couple of large leaves, and fastened them together with pins in the form of a basket. I had filled it, and was just about to climb up the bank with my prize, when a stone gave way, and I slipped back into the stream. I was indignant; for I should have liked the privilege of choosing the time and circumstances of my bath. But judge of my dismay when I looked up, and instead of being quite alone, as I had imagined, there, on the opposite side of the stream, seated on a moss-covered hillock, was a gentleman gazing at me with an amused expression upon his face, which was infinitely provoking. I saw at one glance that he had seated himself there for the purpose of sketching a view of the waterfall, and that, as he observed my confusion, the expression changed. He walked quickly along the bank, to where an old tree had fallen across the stream, I knew with the intention of crossing over and offering me assistance. But I had no notion of that in the situation I then was. Beside, I was too much provoked just then to receive any courtesies from him favorably. I had lost off one shoe in the water. My bonnet had fallen back upon my shoulders. Fortunately, I caught my basket of berries before it floated off down stream; but I was not so lucky with my comb, which dropped into the stream, and my hair hung waving in the wind. I hear you say, "Truly, a distressed heroine." But heroines do not like to appear ridiculous, as I feared I did at that moment; so I came up out of the water, like Cowper's rose,

"All dripping and drowned,"

and scrambled up the bank quickly as possible, to where father had seated himself on a log to "whittle a spell," before he had fairly crossed over the stream. He lifted his hat to me, and looked after us until he saw us enter a dwelling not far distant, where I went to change my dripping clothes. Ere long I saw the strange gentleman approaching with my shoe, which he had fished out of the water. My comb, he said, could not be found. The old house rang with our merriment over my unlucky adventure. He presented me a beautiful sketch of the miniature waterfall. Will you believe me? On the opposite side of the stream, just below the waterfall, was a girl gathering berries. This amused us again. Father told him to finish his picture he should sketch a mermaid coming up dripping from the water. Our hero soon took leave, and we went on our way; but not until we had taken a last, lingering look at the wild spot of our romantic adventure, which will linger in my memory, and

afford a theme for merriment for many days to come.

We rode on over the hills, and across the smiling vales, past the rippling streams, and through the pleasant villages, to one of the loveliest and most picturesque and pleasant of our many charming valleys, where the Chenango winds its way. Where is there a lovelier river than our own Chenango? Where are there fairer lands than lie along its winding way? Its blue waters sparkled in the sunlight, and the broad fields seemed to rejoice in their abundant vegetation, wherever its bright path lay. And the fair towns and villages scattered along its shores, with their white dwellings gleaming out from the overhanging trees; and on either side the mountain walls meet the horizon, forming a boundary to the view. My early home was here, and I am as familiar with its picturesque scenery, and wild-wood haunts, as a child with the alphabet. In my school days, the dearest anticipation, in long weeks of study and toil, was the coming vacation, to be spent with my grandparents in their quiet home.

Many a scramble has the wildcap, as they called me, had up the almost perpendicular hill back of the house, which is covered with wild, tangled vines and scrubby bushes. Numerous varieties of wild fern, interspersed with delicate wild flowers, grew there in great luxuriance; and the moss-carpeted hillocks were all jeweled over with the scarlet wintergreen berries. At its base runs the river. One false step, and I should have been as unfortunate as the boy in the nursery rhyme who "broke his crown." With childish glee I held on to some young tree or bush, while the exultant laugh rang out, wakening the echoes in the old forest, till I reached the summit in spite of all the cautions, and fears, and calls to come back, of my indulgent grandfather. In after years, I used to walk on the green shore of the river, in the soft summer's evening, with dear ones, whose voices gave the sweetest charm, but which are now hushed, for ever hushed. The most beautiful natural arbors are formed here by the grape-vines, that grow in the utmost luxuriance, wreathing the boughs of the tall trees that fringe its margin, till they droop with their load of leaves and fruit. We often sat down on the river's bank, beneath their shade, when the gently-flowing water was heaving itself out of purple shadow into golden light, under a sky vibrating with the thousand hues of sunset, and drank in from the beauty of the scene, until the heart has ached with its fullness. And why should not the heart ache with gratitude to Him who, in his wisdom and goodness, has given us this inexhaustible fountain of enjoyment! O, is he not good, far, far beyond what finite beings can comprehend or conceive, in his rich and delicate ministries to the finer capacities of our nature? All around he has scattered, in rich profusion and variety, the beauties of his creation, wreathed in smiles of love, to delight and bless his children. And their utterance to the human soul is to trust, to love, to adore

our Father in heaven. How oft, while contemplating these beauties, has my soul gone up to the heavenly fount and renewed its love—to those regions of light, and love, and joy, where, I humbly trust, we shall be reunited to those dear ones in bonds stronger, and dearer, and holier, than the dearest ties that ever bound the most impassioned souls of earth! But we will not linger here.

The evening was gently closing in, when, on the second day of our journey, I found myself entering the precincts of my native village. My heart swelled with emotion as we drove through it. When, however, the carriage turned into the street that led to the dear old home of my grandparents, I leaned forward, and sent my eager gaze abroad in search of familiar objects; and there they all were, distinct and visible, even through the dim and misty veil of twilight—the tall “sentinel poplars,” beneath whose shade I had played in childhood’s happy hours; the broad, green door-yard, with the narrow foot-path through it, and, on either side, the bunches of lilies waving their lance-like leaves above the matted grass. There, too, was the sweet-brier, and the sweet-scented lilac, growing under the window, and the rose-bush by the side of the door, and the old portico, with seats for the weary, covered with a profusion of woodbine. O, many an hour have I passed by the window, or in the portico of that old brown mansion, with its moss-grown roof, plying the busy needle, and listening to the converse of my venerable grandfather. His head was whitened by the frost of age, but his heart still glowed with the ardor of youth. Wit and knowledge flowed from his lips, and one was every moment astonished at the depth of thought, or the satire, which enriched his conversation. He told me many a tale, and taught me many a lesson, which were not soon forgotten. Often, too, have I sat there reading to the music of my knitting-needles, and inhaling the fragrance of the flowers that cast abroad upon the air their delicious sweets.

“Tis a dear spot; and the mind and heart  
There wove those links that can never part;  
There books, and blossoms, and converse sweet,  
Diffused their spells through this loved retreat.”

But when the carriage paused at the door, the door of my early home, where were they who were wont to come forth with joyous words and glad smiles to welcome my returning steps? Even the old house-dog, who would always thrust his cold nose into my hand as an earnest of welcome, where was he? Alas! time and sad change have been busy with all I loved since I last visited here. It takes not many years so to alter the destinies of a family, and so to scatter them, that their home shall know them no more. My heart sank within me as the images of the absent and the dead flitted before my vision. O, the changes that come nearest the heart are the changes of home which a few years bring to pass! We go forth from the parental roof, and, after an absence of a few years, return to the well-

remembered scenes of our early love—alas! for us what empty riches and vacuity are there! Such are thy triumphs, O, insatiable Time!

I could scarcely realize the fact, that the old homestead had passed away from its rightful owners, and was occupied by strangers. My grandparents have both fallen asleep, and not one of their children is in the old homestead now. O, the changes, the deep, sad changes of my early home! I wept over them with the passionate violence of a child. Says one, “There is suffering rather than enjoyment for the hearts of those who venture amid the sad mementoes of departed happiness and affection. Happier, far happier, are we to enjoy the beautiful vision as it exists in memory, all glowing with the light of happier days, and not, by revisiting its scenes, touch the picture with the dreary traces of time.” The eloquent words of Miss Gould rushed to my memory, and were half-audibly murmured by my quivering lips:

“Why should I go back to my first-loved home,  
To find how all is changed—  
Alone over those altered scenes to roam,  
From my early self estranged?  
To bend me o’er the glassy brook,  
No more on the face of a child to look?”

## SOLILOQUY.

BY MISS L. J. EMMONS.

WRITTEN ON HER DEATH-BED

AND hast thou set thy seal, O Death!  
Upon this youthful brow?  
And must I yield thee up my breath,  
And to thy sceptre bow?

Ah! yes, too well I feel thy pang  
Within this trembling breast;  
The hectic flush too plainly tells  
I soon will be at rest.

Then speed thy work, thou welcome Death,  
And cut the brittle thread;  
And let it soon be said of me,  
“Her happy spirit’s fled”—

Fled to a purer, happier land,  
Where Death can never come—  
Where pain and sickness enter not—  
In our “eternal home.”

And when that awful hour has come,  
Do thou, O Lord, be near;  
And I shall cross Death’s heaving flood  
Without one rising fear.

FRIENDSHIP is not a plant of hasty growth;  
Though planted in esteem’s deep fixed soil,  
The gradual culture of kind intercourse  
Must bring it to perfection. J. BAILLIE.



## TO JENEATTE IN HEAVEN.

BY MISS M. E. WENTWORTH.

As dies the lingering light of day,  
 Slow melting in the heavens away—  
 The hues that tint the purple west,  
 When twilight deepens on its breast—  
 As dies a note whose song is hushed  
 In the lone heart from whence it gushed—  
 A sound from harp-strings rudely wrung,  
 That left the thrilling chords unstrung—

As die the waves that kiss the shore,  
 Or break around the dipping oar—  
 As mountain mists escape at dawn,  
 Wrapped in the rosy robes of morn,  
 So thou hast died from haunt and hearth,  
 And passed in beauty from the earth.  
 As birds, by winds too rudely fanned,  
 Fly to a brighter summer land,  
 So thou art gone; yet day still fades,  
 And melts away in evening shades;  
 The hues that tint the purple west  
 Still glow and deepen on its breast;  
 The lonely heart, now blithe and gay,  
 Hath learned of love a lighter lay;  
 And wondering harp-strings taught the strain  
 Shrill to a joyful touch again.

Returning waves still kiss the shore,  
 And break around the dipping oar;  
 And mountain mists escape at dawn,  
 Wrapped in the rosy robes of morn.  
 Bright birds, with each returning spring,  
 Their sunny carols sweetly sing;  
 But thou, from death's lone, waveless shore,  
 Shalt come in love and life no more.

The kindling brow, the sunlit eye,  
 The smile-wreathed lip of changing dye,  
 The lightsome voice, the buoyant tread—  
 Say, are they not for ever fled?  
 Did we not hear thy farewell tone,  
 Like the light zephyr's dying moan—  
 A sweet, sad sound before the strife  
 Of death had rent the bonds of life?

Breathe once again that mournful sigh,  
 Speak to us from thy home on high,  
 And tell us if the land of light  
 Hath dawned in beauty on thy sight—  
 Thou whose young soul didst ever pine  
 For springs where purer fountains shine,  
 Say, hast thou quenched its burning thirst  
 Where streams of living waters burst?

Speak through the solemn vesper tune  
 That thrills the listening leaves of June—  
 Speak from the depths of night's lone star  
 That shines in saddened light afar,  
 And answer give if angels know  
 Aught of the feverish strife below,  
 Our fainting faith with pity see,  
 And guide us home to heaven and thee.

## FALLING LEAVES.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

MUSING I stand where late I stood  
 When summer's sun was high,  
 And the green foliage of the wood  
 Thrilled to the zephyr's sigh.  
 A few short days have intervened,  
 And now, alas! how changed the scene!

Where now are all the blossoms fair,  
 Flowers of the sunny gleam,  
 Which grew profusely everywhere  
 Along the forest stream?  
 Ah! their brief summer day is o'er;  
 In these wild dells they bloom no more!

Is not our day of life as brief?  
 Do we not pass as soon away?  
 Beholdest thou yon falling leaf,  
 Traced with the lines of dull decay?  
 Such is our life—thus do we fade,  
 And falling mingle with the dead.

How fast they come! how thick they fall!  
 On every breeze they hurry past;  
 Though some look fresh, behold them all  
 Hang trembling in October's blast.  
 Thus is life's tenure feebly frail;  
 Too weak to bear death's piercing gale.

One at my feet lies trembling here,  
 Just fallen from yon leafy bough;  
 But, from the many myriads there,  
 Say, wouldst thou miss the lost one now?  
 Thus we shall pass life's fitful scene:  
 And who shall know that we have been?

May not the *mind* its impress give  
 To something that shall not decay?  
 May we not bid some thought survive  
 Long after we are swept away?  
 Yea, even the rustling sound that passed  
 Lingered awhile upon the blast.

The soul, with all its lofty powers,  
 Flies like the verdure of the leaf,  
 And like the texture of the flowers  
 Its garb is woven frail and brief;  
 Yet it transcends in destiny  
 The loftiest star that burns on high.

## INDUSTRY.

THE proudest motto for the young!  
 Write it in lines of gold  
 Upon thy heart, and in thy mind  
 The stirring words unfold:  
 And in misfortune's dreary hour,  
 Or fortune's prosperous gale,  
 'Twill have a holy, cheering power—  
 "There's no such word as *fail*!"

ALICE G. LEE.

## FLOWERS OF THE OCEAN.

BY REV. KNOX MUDGE.

I KNOW you are receiving matter much more important and interesting for the Ladies' Repository than any thing I can furnish; but, as I do not recollect having seen any thing directly, either in prose or poetry, from any of your correspondents, on a subject which of late has excited much attention among many of the ladies in this vicinity, and, I doubt not, equally so elsewhere, I feel inclined to bring the subject before you, that, if you are in possession of a sample of *sea mosses or marine flowers*, we might be gratified with something from your pen on the subject.

Though I have seen them from boyhood, among the washings of the shore, I never, until of late, was gratified with a sight of them in their preserved state of beauty and perfection. A friend of mine, Dr. W. Harman, late of Portland, Me., showed me a book of them he had collected. On my expressing surprise that I had not seen them before, he informed me that several young ladies in Portland, were collecting and preserving them as presents to their friends, and, also, for sale, in books, or on cards. It instantly occurred to me, that, of all persons of whom I could think, I would like you to have a fair sample of them, that we might have something in the Ladies' Repository from your graphic pen on the subject. I began to cast about in my mind how I might convey to you a sample or two without their being spoiled in the mail by rumpling. On further thoughts, it occurred to me that you were probably better acquainted with them than I was, and there I let the matter rest, until a lady requested me to write a few verses in a book of these preserved mosses.

## THE OCEAN MOSSES.

Here wisdom, skill, and beauty shine,  
In nature's bright array;  
And show a perfect art divine,  
God can alone display.

So delicate their various forms,  
No human skill can reach;  
They thrive alike in calms and storms,  
Near every shore and beach.

The purest colors meet and blend  
In rich and varied hues,  
That does all human art transcend  
Such beauty to infuse.

They decorate the deep sea caves,  
The mermaids' lone retreat,  
Carpet the baths where Doris laves—  
Where syrens bathe their feet.

Where'er the waves of ocean roll,  
These beauties may be found;  
From torrid zone to either pole,  
Profusely scattered round.

When ocean's queen is full attired,  
In corals, shells, and pearls,  
We know not which is most admired,  
These or her mossy curls.

A copy of the foregoing being shown to a young lady by a friend, she presented him a fine sample of quite a number for the piece, stating that she was quite a virtuoso in these rarities. The following was written on the supposition that she was the discoverer of the sea flowers:

## DISCOVERY OF THE SEA FLOWERS.

O, ye beauties, how neglected  
Have ye been in former times!  
Now with care and cost collected  
From all oceans, shores, and climes.

Lucky was that happy maiden,  
As she tripped along the shore;  
When she entered the sea grotto,  
Found them floating on the floor.

Ever-curious, ever-prying,  
Seeking for some beauty rare—  
"Now I've found them!" hear her crying,  
"These are locks of *Neptune's hair*."

Home she bore them as a treasure—  
Washed and spread them out to dry;  
Eyeing them with thrills of pleasure,  
As she saw their hues of dye.

Now with fondness she caress'd them,  
Calling them her beauties rare—  
Still more beauteous as she pressed them,  
Showing tints more bright and fair.

Florists range them into classes,  
And apply their floral names;  
They're admired by gentle lasses,  
And caress'd by matron dames.

Where they're known in town or city,  
All admire their beauteous looks—  
Calling them exceeding pretty—  
Placing them in gilded books.

Ye who thus admire their beauty,  
Praising them as very fine,  
Study them, and learn your duty,  
To adore their *Source divine*.

## YOUTH'S DREAM.

BY MARCUS.

I DREAMED a dream in early hours  
Of bubbling springs and fadeless flowers—  
Of hearts that never lost their trust,  
Or pour their wealth away on dust.

I dreamed a dream, and fancy flew  
Where love and hope gave brighter hue  
To laughing flowers and waving trees,  
And joy went whispering on the breeze.

I dreamed a dream, and brighter far  
Than diamond light or glittering star,  
Or noonday sun, the future gleamed,  
But woke to find I only dreamed.

I dreamed no more, and fancy gave  
To hope, and love, and joy a grave—  
To sun, and sky, and stars a cloud—  
To blighted hearts it gave a shroud.



## CHARACTER OF SARAH.

BY REV. CHARLES ADAMS, A. M.

SARAH, who was originally named Sarai, was the daughter of Zerah—was born in Ur, of the Chaldees, and became the wife of the illustrious Abraham. Subsequently to their marriage, and by revelation to Abraham, the family, consisting of her husband, her father, and Lot, emigrated to Haran, where Zerah ended his days at the age of two hundred and five years. After his death, Abraham and Lot again removed westward, and went to Canaan, which was then in possession of the original race inhabiting that region of country. Here Abraham was favored with special and repeated revelations from God—was promised that the land to which he had come should be given to his posterity; and he became great in wealth and power.

Sarah appears to have been a woman of extraordinary beauty of person, which she retained to a very late period of her life; so that, at ninety years of age, she attracted the attention and love of Abimelech, King of Gerai—he being unaware of her relation to Abraham. At the age of seventy-five years, having relinquished the idea of bearing children, she sought, according to a usage not unknown to those times, to gain posterity by proxy. Accordingly, she gave to her husband, as a wife, her bondmaid, Hagar, who became the mother of Ishmael. At the very advanced age of ninety, however, Sarah, also, and by an extraordinary providence, gave birth to a son, who was Isaac, and heir of the special and Divine promises which had been made to his father. After the birth of her son, Sarah survived about thirty-seven years, and died at Kirjath Arba, afterward Hebron, aged one hundred and twenty-seven years.

The character of Sarah, as portrayed on the page of revelation, is marked, as is natural, by alternate light and shade. She is not without prominent excellences, and hers is recorded among the honorable names of sacred story. At the same time, we may discern, even in Sarah, the marks of our fallen nature—some of those indisputable tokens that whisper of human imperfection.

We feel little admiration, for example, of her arrangement with respect to her husband and Hagar. We accord to her, it is true, the usual indulgence allowed in consideration of custom—the lack, in that early period, of Divine communication—and, perhaps, some other circumstances. At the same time, we can hardly refrain from discerning in her, at this period, and in this incident, of her history, a deficiency of that patience which is so fine a characteristic of the sex. We seem to detect a want of that pious and graceful submission to the will of Providence, so essential to woman, and of that commendable faith in the great Father which, we are assured, she was enabled to exercise in after years. Had not God, long before, and more than once, spoken to her husband by special and heav-

VOL. IX—20.

only messages? Had not that husband already become great and powerful? And was it a secret to the companion of Abraham, that to him was promised, by the One that cannot lie, a posterity that in multitude should vie with the stars of heaven; and that in his seed all the nations of the earth were to be blessed? With these Divine assurances in memory, was it necessary for her to rise and forestall the movements of sacred Providence? Was she called to put forth her hand? Did any voice from heaven suggest in her ear that she must hasten, and, at all events, make sure of the fulfillment of that word which stands though earth and heaven depart? Was it not her province, rather, to “hope and quietly wait?” What pity that, in that hour, there occurred not to her mind what an angel, in after time, inquired of her, saying, “Is any thing too hard for the Lord!” Thus had it told for her reputation for wisdom, as well as for piety, in the eyes of millions of every age of time to whom the name and history of Sarah were destined to be familiar. And it is not all recited to us—a mere hint or two are given, of what were the domestic broils—the frequent and numberless vexations—the sad spoiling of earthly sunshine, that commenced with Abraham’s new and unnatural espousals, and ended—we know not when. O! there is a time to act, and a time to cease from our own works. There is a time to move forward and achieve priceless victories, and a time to stand still and see the salvation of God. And she who, like the daughters of Israel, watches, with Moses, the rising and reposing of the pillar of cloud and fire, shall not fail, with Miriam and her sisters, to sing that “the Lord hath triumphed gloriously.”

All the severity of Sarah toward her bondmaid, both at the first, when Hagar fled from her face, and long afterward, when she was driven into exile with the consent of the weary and weeping husband—all this we look for as being an incident of the tale as true to nature, as it is unhappy for the reputation of the chief actress in this scene of sadness. Gentleness and pity dwell with goodness, and with the faith that makes not haste, and with the love that suffereth long and is kind. Shut these away from the female heart, and no marvel if there be envy and contention, yea, every evil work.

But there are brighter and fairer features, toward which the hand must not fail to point, that would portray correctly the beautiful consort of Abraham. She was not without blemish, yet was she graceful in mind as well as in person. More tokens than one go to mark her as belonging to the most distinguished of her sex, and in most respects a fit companion of one of the greatest men of this world’s history. For is it not fair to inquire as to what that woman must have been whose influence over a man like Abraham was what her influence was? In almost every aspect of her husband, he was “head and shoulders” above most others. Great in physical might, he, with his own household, rushed after and subdued the kings and their hosts. Great

in soul, he spurned the rich offer of the prince of Sodom, and passed over to Lot the little matter of assigning their respective earthly possessions. Great in precedence, he was the ancestor and father of the faithful. Great in dignity, God and angels often conversed with him. Great afterward in heaven: Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, have certainly long been there. As we meditate, then, "how great this man was," we may meditate, also, the greatness of her whom he evidently, with all his superiority, profoundly respected, as well as dearly loved. We hazard nothing in writing that the woman whom a man like Abraham loved, beyond all others, for so many years—whose opinion of her attractiveness was such, as that he often deemed it dangerous to be known as her husband—who, when, at last, she slept, bowed his aged and dignified form, and mourned and wept over "his dead"—still his, though dead—this woman surely could hold no mean place among her sex; and we wonder not that, long centuries after she retired from the world, the hand of inspiration assigned to her name a conspicuous place upon the list of those, who, in olden time, believed God, and it was counted to them for righteousness.

Who has not sometimes roamed, in imagination, amid the scenes of patriarchal simplicity and beauty? Has never my fair reader, upon some sultry summer day, trod thoughtfully within the groves of Mamre, and reclined beneath the old and shady oaks hard by those spacious and graceful tents? At the opening of those lofty and ample folds, and almost facing thee, sits a man of a hundred years, and who has, once and again, talked, face to face, with God. It is a form of surpassing dignity, erect and strong as when, in other years, he dealt relentless ruin among the conquerors of the plain; locks hoary, yet pure and beautiful, curl over his shoulders, and a beard of snowy brilliancy reposes upon his bosom; and his eye, large and tranquil, is looking forth upon the magnificence of glorious summer, or turned upward, now and then, toward the home of the faithful, or closed, at intervals, as the mind meditates upon remembered scenes, and calls up again unearthly and enchanting voices that used to breathe into his ear exceeding great and precious promises. On a sudden, those eyes are fixed—the visage becomes prolonged and direct—the whole form leans forward, as with unusual earnestness. Turning your eye in the same direction, and three men are approaching, "if it be lawful to call them men." They came from a far country, and the patriarch is running to meet them, and his noble form already is bowing lowly toward the ground in profoundest obedience. The greetings cease, and the hospitalities proceed.

But where is Sarah? Just where we would wish to find her—filling the place she is expected to fill—acting the part assigned her to perform, and realizing to thine eye the obedience, activity, skill, modesty, and dignity of a genuine princess of her times—a worthy companion and friend of one of the

chief nobility of earth, and lovely daughter of her God. Obedience, for her hand is as that of him who directs; activity, for how soon are all things in readiness; skill, for under her superintendence a dish is made ready, of which angels eat; modesty and dignity, for thou, in all this time, and amid all these personages, hast not discovered her; while even the guests are inquiring, "Where is Sarah?" "Behold in the tent," is the response; and such it should have been. Would not a more wary or ostentatious lady—one of more bustle, but of less skill—of more words, but of less dignity and grace—would she not have been seen or heard amid all these hospitable preparations? But there is no confusion—no exposure—no complaint. There is no being "cumbered about much serving," (pardon me, Martha!) all is order, as well as dispatch—propriety, as well as efficiency. "She is like the merchant ships. She bringeth her food from far. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. Her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders of the land."

Of the latter dispensation as well as of the former, inspired fingers pointed back to Sarah; and two apostles, under two aspects of exceeding beauty, have registered her name. Paul presents her among the celebrated galaxy of the ancient believers—one of those who obtained a good report through faith, and that compose the great cloud of witnesses, beholding from their spheres of light the progress of successive generations of the Christian combatants as they run up the path of life. Peter presents her as the lovely woman and companion—discarding exterior adorning, and coveting the adorning of the heart—the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, being in subjection, in the appropriate sense, to her husband, observing toward him the most respectful address, and the most exemplary deportment. Paul records her dutifulness to her God; Peter, that to her husband. Paul writes her a believer; Peter, a well-doer also. Paul shows her a saint looking upward; Peter represents her a saint forbearing, amid her heavenly visions, to step aside from the proprieties of life. Paul exhibits her as an example for believers; Peter, as the mother of daughters that do well. The one tells you of her hand being in God's; the other, that her hand being there, she was not afraid with any amazement.

#### FEELING.

The following lines by Hannah More, convey a useful lesson:

"Yet what is wit, and what the poet's art?  
Can genius shield the vulnerable heart?  
Ah no! where bright imagination reigns,  
The fine-wrought spirit feels acuter pains;  
Where glow exalted sense and taste refin'd,  
There keener anguish rankles in the mind;  
There feeling is diffus'd through every part,  
Thrills in each nerve, and lives in all the heart;  
And those, whose generous souls each tear would keep  
From others' eyes, are born themselves to weep."



## WEYMOUTH—SANDSFOOT CASTLE.

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

It was on the 8th of January, the ever-memorable, "glorious 8th," that I found myself walking around the ruins of Sandsfoot Castle, in the vicinity of the beautiful town of Weymouth. This place was the favorite resort of George the Third, who highly esteemed its salubrious air and unsurpassed advantages for sea-bathing. This, of itself, in a country where every thing goes by patronage, would be sufficient to establish a reputation for the place; and ever since the reign of that monarch it has been a favorite summer retreat for the nobility and gentry, not only of the metropolis, but of all sections of the country.

Independent, however, of all attractions arising from the patronage of royalty and nobility—attractions, by the way, possessing but little influence over the minds of republicans—Weymouth possesses intrinsic charms over almost any other place of equal size and importance in the kingdom. Built on both sides of the small river Wey, at its mouth—whence its name, *Weymouth*—its position is at once picturesque and beautiful. The town is surrounded by a fine amphitheatre of hills and chalk cliffs, some of which rise rather abruptly in a southwesterly direction; while on the north and northeast a beautiful plain of some two miles in breadth intervenes between the town and the base of the hills. In front of the town is a semicircular bay, opening out into the channel, which is only surpassed in Europe, in point of beauty, by the Bay of Naples. The shore is walled up to the height of some ten feet. The top of this parapet, which is semicircular, or semi-elliptical in shape, is on a level with the streets of the town. This, which is called the esplanade, is more than a mile in length, and constitutes one of the finest marine promenades in the world. The houses facing the bay, are all of stately dimensions, usually of four stories, or more, in height; and most are built in blocks, or rows, some containing as many as fifteen or seventeen houses in a block. Several of these blocks would compare favorably with the celebrated "Girard Square," in Philadelphia. The mouth of the river Wey, which is perhaps 300 feet in width, and which is crossed by a noble bridge, connecting Weymouth proper and Melcombe Regis, is lined on both sides by quays. Descending along the north side of the stream, some 200 yards from the bridge, you reach the point where its waters unite with those of the bay. This is at the southern end of the esplanade. This point commands a most beautiful prospect. On the left you have a full view of the entire esplanade, lined with noble edifices for more than a mile in extent. Further to the right, and nearly in front of you, a range of mountainous chalk cliffs, called "Albion's cliffs," stretches out into the water, forming the northern boundary of the bay. Immediately fronting you is the beautiful bay itself. Never was a place better adapted for

sea-bathing than this lovely sheet of water. The sands become firm as soon as the tide has left them; and so gradual and gentle is the slope, that, 400 feet from the base of the esplanade, the water, at low tide, is not more than from two to three feet deep. At the extreme right from the point of survey, is the island of Portland, presenting an exceedingly bold appearance, and distant about three miles.

Near the centre of the esplanade, is a colossal statue of George the Third. The statue itself, which is nine feet in height, is erected on a white marble base. On the top of the pedestal, and at either side of the statue, is a colossal lion and unicorn, *couchant*. The tablet in front bears the following inscription: "The *grateful* inhabitants to GEORGE THE THIRD, on his entering the 50th year of his REIGN." That in the rear contains the resolutions passed at the time of its erection.

Weymouth contains many interesting public buildings, which are, in a high degree, ornaments to the place. Among these may be mentioned, as principal, the Town Hall, and the Public Baths. There are, also, several handsome churches; but these are all of modern style and date. In fact, although Weymouth is a very ancient place, there are few marks of a high antiquity visible. Old ivy-crowned churches, castles, and walls, it has not. Nor is it rich in ruins. South of the town about half a mile, are the only ruins worth visiting: these are the remains of SANDSFOOT CASTLE, a structure erected during the reign of Henry the Eighth, about the year 1539. The following account of it is taken from a description of Weymouth: "The original form of Sandsfoot Castle was that of a parallelogram. The structure itself was of stone. At the north end was a tower, on which were the arms of England; on the east are the remains of a small gate. A deep trench surrounds the whole, except on the south. The walls of the building were very thick and lofty, and, although not large, must have been a beautiful structure. It was erected in 1539. It seems to have been neglected since the Restoration. In 1631, George Bamfield had a grant of the office of custos—that is guardian—of Sandsfoot Castle, during pleasure; and in 1640, Nathaniel Specot, Knt., was made custos for life.

"Reverse these sea-girt ruins—there's a power,  
A magic influence in their roofless tower—  
A nameless charm that gives the feet delay  
Beyond the loftiest palace of the day  
To every passer-by. The steel-clad dead—  
Phantoms arise who for their country bled;  
How the waves mourn them as subdued they flow,  
Immortal in their sympathy below!"

On the Island of Portland, immediately opposite, is PORTLAND CASTLE, still in a good state of preservation. This castle was built by Henry the Eighth, on the site of the old one, whose history reached back to the days of Saxon rule. In one of the apartments of the new castle is a small closet, called "Queen Jane's closet," in which is the following inscription in curious old English characters:

"God, save, King, Henri, the, VIII, of, that, name,

and, Prins, Edvard, begottin, of, Quevene, Jane, my, Ladi, Mari, that, Godli, Virgin, and, the, Ladi, Elizabet, so, towerli, with, the, Kinge's, honirable, Cosels."

During the rebellion, these two castles were arrayed against each other—Sandsfoot Castle being in the possession of the Parliamentarians, and that of Portland occupied by the adherents of Charles. Many and sanguinary were the conflicts which resulted from the occupancy, thus, of these castles by the opposing factions. Each one was subjected more than once to a change of masters. Sandsfoot Castle was alternately taken and retaken, first by one, and then by the other party; but eventually remained in possession of the Parliamentary forces. In 1642, Portland Castle was seized by the Parliament; but, in August of that year, submitted to the Earl of Caernorvon. In March of the following year it was taken by the rebellionists, who retired here with great riches, obtained by the sacking of Wardour Castle. It was retaken by stratagem soon afterward, by the King's forces. In June, 1646, Col. Wm. Ashburnham retired within its walls, where he sustained a fearful siege of four months' duration. "This was one of the last fortresses, in the west of England, that held out for the unfortunate Charles; and the natives were so well affected to the royal cause, that it was a great check upon the garrison at Weymouth."

The English republic, like Sandsfoot Castle, has long since been numbered with the things that were; while that of Portland, like the cause of monarchy which it served, has survived the almost universal wreck, and still flourishes. Such is the history of things in this world.

#### GEORGE HOLMAN.

BY ISAAC JULIAN

I PERCEIVE, Mr. Editor, you have dropped the title, "Gatherings of the West," from your magazine; and, therefore, perhaps the following sketch, designed to keep in remembrance some note-worthy circumstances in the settlement of the country hitherto unrecorded, may not be deemed appropriate to your pages.\* As the subject of it, however, and, I believe, all his numerous family, are members, and one of his sons a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, I have thought there was a fitness in offering it to your disposal. There is nothing very novel in a story of a captivity among the Indians; but the one of which I am about to give an outline—I regret I can do no more, not having had an opportunity of learning the particulars—in the hands of a master, would furnish out an interesting page in the history of western adventure.

\* This was done by the last General conference, and not by us; and the recommendation to do so came from western delegates.—EDITOR.

GEORGE HOLMAN was born in Maryland, in 1768. His father emigrated to Kentucky when he was a boy. At the age of fifteen, while out with some wagons conveying provisions to the fort—which was then an indispensable appendage to every settlement—he was, in company with several others, taken prisoner by the Indians, who, for the first day, hurried them off in a trot. Simon Girty, whose name figures so conspicuously in our border history, was with the Indians, and instructed our hero how to run the gantlet without receiving injury. From his facility in conforming to their mode of life, they took a liking to him, and he was adopted into an Indian family; and, during a residence of three years and a half among them, became familiarized to their language and manners—traversed, with them in various expeditions, the greater part of the (now) states of Ohio and Indiana—beholding (we may presume) all the lights and shades of forest life. During this time, he witnessed the horrid spectacle of the burning and torture of a captive white man. He finally made his escape to the settlements in Kentucky; but I am not apprised of the particulars of it.

For many years he has resided near Richmond, Indiana. For a long while after his settlement there, his brothers and relatives, by adoption, among the Indians, were accustomed to visit him occasionally, and talk over old times with him in their native tongue. But their visits have long been discontinued: they have gone to the world of spirits, or been banished to the far west. The old pioneer himself, however, still survives; and the visitor to the beautiful young city of Richmond, who is curious in regard to the early history of the west, would be richly repaid for the trouble of searching out his abode. At an advanced age, he is more active and vigorous than many young men; and in his manners and demeanor, the agility of his movements, and the symmetry of his form, the curious observer may trace the influence of his early training among the rudely-graceful children of the forest, who have long since been expelled from the home of their hearts, and the graves of their forefathers.

#### HUMAN ACCOUNTABILITY.

It is not meet for man to trifle through  
The hours of brief existence. He who formed  
The earth, and all the shining host of heaven,  
A priceless jewel to our care, in trust,  
Has given, to be reclaimed when he sees fit,  
Who gave the blessing. He calls on us, in words  
And promises of love, to guard and reverence  
His gift inestimable. If we refuse  
To hear his words, and scorn his gift divine,  
Enduring woe will be our bitter lot.  
O, be it still our care to guard this gem;  
That when he shall demand his own again,  
We may surrender it, unstained and pure  
As we received, to him who gave the gift!

I. J.



## THE BIBLE A MYSTERIOUS BOOK.

BY REV. C. B. WARRINGTON.

WE sometimes hear it asserted by men, who would be esteemed wise, that "the Bible is a mysterious and unintelligible book."

That it is mysterious, or contains mysteries, we admit. It could not be otherwise; for it treats of the existence, and attributes, and works of a Being who is incomprehensible, and whose "ways are past finding out." In this respect, the Bible moves hand in hand with the book of nature, which abounds in mysteries. There is mystery in the blooming flower, in the growing verdure, and in the flowing river. There is mystery in the sun, and moon, and twinkling stars; indeed, you cannot turn your eye within or without, to the heavens above, or to the earth beneath, without beholding mysteries which all the powers of the strongest and most cultivated intellect can never unravel. Is it marvelous, then, while man is a mystery to himself, and all that surrounds him is mysterious, that in a book embodying the sublime truths developed in the Bible, there should be found mysteries? It is filled with them. In its sacred pages is found the mystery of creation, the mystery of preservation, and the untold mysteries of redemption—of "God manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory"—mysteries, which human minds can never comprehend, and into which angelic spirits in vain desire to look—mysteries, the unraveling of which will furnish employment to glorified beings to all eternity.

But while the Bible is admitted to abound in mysteries, it is far from being unintelligible. "It is given by inspiration of God, and it is profitable for instruction in righteousness;" so says the inspired apostle; and David tells us "that it is given to man to be a lamp to his feet and a light to his path;" and he assures us that the entrance of its words "give light," and that they "give understanding to the simple;" yea, that the testimonies of the Lord are wonderful; therefore, did his soul keep them.

The Bible is perfectly adapted to our condition. Foolish, and ignorant, and blind, in regard to spiritual objects, its Author first communicates to us Divine light, that we may discover, and hearts that we may appreciate, our condition; and then, after imparting to us strength to perform our duty, he reveals it unto us in so plain a manner, in his written word, that he declares, by the mouth of the prophet, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein. The wayfaring man—not the rich man, nor the man of extensive literary acquirements, but the poor man, the laboring, the unlettered man—shall not—it is not said, need not, but shall not—err therein. The way is so plain, and the directions are so full, that, if he depart therefrom, it is either the result of negligence in the observance of its directions, or of a vicious determination not to obey them.

Of this truth we have frequent practical demonstration. We behold the giant in intellect, trusting to his own understanding, groping in the dark, like the blinded Sodomites at the door of Lot, endeavoring in vain to discover the entrance into this new and living way; while we see the poor, unlettered peasant, following the directions laid down in the Bible, and guided by that divine Spirit, whose assistance he unceasingly implores, entering at once through its narrow gateway, and pursuing his delightful journey to the regions of light and bliss.

If the Bible be unintelligible, it is to those who are so fascinated by the alluring objects of time and sense, that they will not consent to "deny themselves, take up their cross, and follow" the "meek and lowly" Savior; or to those who are so immersed in crime, that "the light which was in them has become darkness," and whose "eyes are now so full of iniquity, that they cannot cease from sin." "If the Gospel be hid, it is hid" to such persons as these, "who are lost; in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them who believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." These only are the persons who, with the Bible in their hands, complain that it is mysterious and unintelligible. The sincere inquirer after the way of salvation, with a heart willing to perform what the Bible enjoins, is never long in discovering his duty. Convinced that, by the voice of God, he is a sinner in his soul, he finds that the Bible commands him to repent. Observing this precept, and bringing forth fruits meet for repentance, he soon discovers his need of salvation through the blood of the world's Redeemer; and "believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, with a heart unto righteousness," he receives incontestible evidence that he has "power upon earth to forgive sins." And now he finds demonstrated in his own experience, the truth of the Savior's declaration, that if any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God. With rapture he proclaims the joyful intelligence to those who are around him, and exulting in a Savior's love he continues his delightful way. Thus he advances, step by step, and from grace to grace. Every day new truths are unfolding to his delighted vision, and he beholds more and more of the "wondrous things of his" Maker's "law," until, having finished his earthly pilgrimage, he approaches, with firm reliance upon his Savior, the turbulent river of death, passes over its cold waves in safety, and is escorted by angels to the delectable regions of everlasting life.

"Blest Bible! may thy pages be  
My sure, unerring guide!  
Then shall my soul for ever see  
The way that leads to God."

"Our best use of ourselves," says Dr. Whichcote, "is to be employed for God."

## THE PRAIRIES.

BY R. H. HARRISON.

"These are the gardens of the desert, these  
 The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,  
 For which the speech of England has no name.  
 The prairies! I behold them for the first,  
 And my heart swells, while the dilated sight  
 Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch  
 In airy undulations, far away,  
 As if the Ocean in his gentlest swell,  
 Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed  
 And motionless for ever." W. C. BRYANT.

I LOVE the prairies. While yet the Indian had his home on the banks of the Mississippi, my father emigrated to the west; and, since then, my life has been almost wholly passed in prairie-land. To gather the wild flowers, and weave them into garlands, was the joy of my childhood; in youth, my favorite pastime was to chase the prowling wolf, or, in glade, and grove, to hunt the timid deer; and in manhood, upon the furthest verge of civilization, I am engaged traversing the wide-spread prairies, and, in log-cabins, and school-houses, preaching the "unsearchable riches of Christ."

Though, in winter, the prairie winds are rude, and to face them, for a space of fifteen or twenty miles, without a house, requires all the fortitude of an itinerant minister of Christ, yet I love the prairies. And as I stand on this sloping ridge, I can but exclaim, "Boundless and beautiful these gardens of the desert!" Far away stretches the limitless scene, bounded by the horizon on every side, its green carpet variegated with ten thousand wild flowers, which load the air with their rich fragrance, while, here and there, at distant intervals, its surface is dotted with groves of aspen and oak, like "emerald islands in the ocean's main."

Anon, the general evenness of the ground is broken by vast mounds, where sleep the unknown dead. The sun has some time since sunk upon the bosom of the setting cloud, tinting the fleecy west with his gorgeous pencilings; and now the moon, riding high in the heavens, silvers each shrub, and leaf, and flower, with her mellow beams, heightening greatly the beauty of the scene; while the deep silence of the vast plain, undisturbed even by the rustling of a leaf, impresses the mind with awe and sublimity.

As I stand thus, alone, in this boundless prairie, what thronging thoughts crowd the busy brain! These prairies—what their origin? Have they been reft of timber, and gradually widened by the fires that annually sweep over them? Or did the Almighty smooth these verdant lawns, and leave them ever treeless, another evidence of the exhaustless variety of his works? The settler, watching the increased number of groves springing up as by magic, wherever the fires have been kept out for a few years, unhesitatingly pronounces that they have been formed by the action of the fires; while others as

confidently assert a contrary opinion. A solution is perhaps impossible, though we confess a leaning to the opinion of the latter class of speculatists, as at least the most poetical.

How many interesting questions arise, with regard to the tribes with which they have been successively peopled! Back, in remote ages, while Greece was yet in her infancy, there lived here a numerous people, not altogether unacquainted with the arts of civilized life. Here they had their fortified towns, fought their battles, and plied the various avocations of men. Over these prairies their youths pursued the flying game, or strolled at eve, to cull the bright bouquet, and breathe into willing ears the tale of love. These were their temples: in these mighty mounds sleep their dead. Descendants of which of the sons of Noah were they? From what quarter of the globe did they seek these shores? How much of religious truth did they retain, and what was their form of worship? By what mighty catastrophe were they swept away? These, with a thousand other questions, arise to remain unanswered. That they lived, loved, hated, suffered, rejoiced, wrought out the designs of Providence, and passed away, is all we may know concerning them; for they left behind no record of name or history—another evidence of the vanity of human existence.

Then came the red man. In countless tribes they roamed over these wilds, sole lords of the soil—with all his ignorance and barbarism, a noble specimen of humanity. More than once, when overtaken by darkness, and wearied with the chase, have I fallen in with a "lodge;" and, though the intense cold and his own scanty bed might have been his excuse, he would freely share his blanket with the pale-faced boy. But the white man came, and he retired westward, slowly at first, but more and more rapidly, until now he has his home in that wide prairie that stretches along the base of the Rocky Mountains. Yearly decreasing, his history will soon close—his race be extinguished.

Much as we sympathize with the Indian, losing, as he does, his beautiful hunting-grounds—the homes of his youth—the burial-places of his fathers, we cannot regret that he is disseized; for it is an exchange of savage for civilized life—of heathenism for Christianity.

These prairies, brought under cultivation, shall abundantly reward the toil of the husbandman, and yield food, not only for their own teeming population, but for the starving millions of Europe. Lose they undoubtedly will much of their beauty and grandeur; but we shall be more than compensated in their utility. The privileges of Sabbath and the sanctuary, follow hard on the footsteps of the settler, and the worship of heathenism gives place to the worship of the true and living God.

The inhabitants of the west—which may appropriately be called the land of prairies—are destined to wield a mighty influence, for weal or for woe, on the destinies of our own country, and of the



world; and here, especially, much depends on the direction given to this, our forming state of society. Already are there evil tendencies in operation. Kneeland has been here, and has left many disciples, who would gladly infuse their poison into every vein of society. Others, who hide their deep infidelity under the garb of religion, are here. The itinerant vender of the licentious literature of the day is also here; and many other instrumentalities are at work, by which the adversary is endeavoring to destroy good and work evil.

But there are counter influences in operation. The ministers of the new and everlasting covenant are here; and every few miles the house of God rears its humble front, or, where this is not, the log-cabin of the recent settler supplies its place, and every week or two the people gather in, from their cabins and corn-fields, and gladly listen to words, "which shall profit them to everlasting life." Sabbath schools are organized, and, Sabbath after Sabbath, the sweet buds of the prairie are cultured, and flowers evolved, which shall prove a "harvest for eternity." Public schools are encouraged, and a good degree of intelligence is being diffused throughout the mass. And, not the least hopeful sign of the times, your Repository, Mr. Editor, is finding its way into many families, displacing other monthlies, which, to say the least, are not healthful in their influences. And I would that its bright leaves, freighted as they are with virtue and intelligence, might be scattered broadcast over our beautiful prairie-land, that the daughters of Iowa might all profit by these gatherings from their sisters and brethren of the east, and, in turn, render occasionally a prairie-flower, as a thank-offering of grateful hearts.

### LOVE.

BY A. HILL.

"*Love is stronger than Death.*" He whose iron sceptre hath swayed the world—who hath driven his arrows to the throbbing hearts of millions of our race—who hath strewn the great desert of the world with the bleached bones of five hundred generations of human beings, and made the whole "creation groan and travail in pain together until now," is subdued and conquered by *love*.

Love is a mighty principle, capable of moving heaven and earth. It moves the arm of Omnipotence itself, and fans with its reviving breath the sinking hopes of a fainting world.

Love is the soul of harmony, without which all would be discord. Ten thousand delicate strings vibrate in sweetest unison to its touch; and the richest melody, that mortals ever did or can hear, will be awakened through its agency. Heaven itself is swayed by love; and where love reigns, that place is heaven. The first murder ever committed in this sin-cursed world, was a direct outrage upon

this principle, and received the most signal and marked disapprobation of God; and each successive murder has been a direct outrage of the same blessed principle.

Love lies at the foundation of obedience to God and fidelity to man. Every departure from these is, insomuch, a departure from Heaven's own law—a law promulgated with awful solemnity from Mt. Sinai, and illustrated and enforced with inimitable beauty and simplicity by Jesus Christ.

"*Love worketh no ill to his neighbor.*" It changes the midnight assassin into a fast friend, and robs darkness of all its terrors. It disarms suspicion, and bringeth the most perfect confidence and joy wherever it cometh. It sweetens and sanctifies even "a dinner of herbs," and consecrates poverty's lean apartments as a holy place. It bringeth sunshine and hope down into the vale of adversity, and beautifies every landscape with the loveliest flowers. It serves as an oil upon life's active machinery, preventing excessive and irritative friction, while it hushes every jar.

A well-spring of joy is a loving heart—a treasure vastly superior to the wealth of the world. Whoso seeketh true happiness must come and drink of these waters, and whoso partaketh of this hath eaten angels' food.

Love is the great straight line of rectitude and uprightness, from which every crooked and perverse thing must deviate. It is the genuine measure of all moral excellence, and the proper guage of all true religion. It is the summing of "the whole matter" touching the duty of man, and "the law and the prophets" of Divine revelation.

Love is the death-blow to selfishness, and the main-spring of benevolence. It is the projector of every philanthropic movement, and the eternal enemy of all wrong. It knows no sect, but blesses all; and it is a pastor where "the whole world is a parish." With respect to the future, love is an angel, that "rolls away the stone from the sepulchre," and opens up the most delightful visions of resurrection glory. It is the vital principle of all good—the essence of Divinity itself; for "*GOD IS LOVE.*"

### WAVERLY NOVELS.

THE Waverly Novels, by Sir Walter Scott, are usually conceded to be among the most faultless of this class of literary productions. Aside from every other consideration, however, they are exceedingly reprehensible in the fact that the author, in his very best performances, has so blended fact and fancy, falsehood and truth, that no one, unless he be perfectly versant with history, can draw the line between these antagonizing qualities. If, then, we, the cotemporaries of Mr. Scott, are so deeply wrapped in the mists of obscurity respecting the pictures he has drawn, what will posterity be guided by when there will be no clue, nor even the shadow of a clue, to the real historical truth involved? This question can never be answered.

## THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

OCTOBER, 1849.

THE SHOULDER-KNOT.

CHAPTER XXI.

GUILT AND INNOCENCE.

THE ambassadors had returned from France. They brought with them the most joyful news. Louis the Thirteenth had been delighted with the proposal, by which his sister was to become Queen of England on the death of James, and by which his own influence in the British island, and the influence of his religion, would be immeasurably advanced. The queen-mother could see no objection to the match; and Richelieu saw in it, he thought, a prospect of adding something to his personal popularity with the changeful inhabitants of France. Henrietta herself, who, as the reader will remember, had had a glimpse of the Prince, as he was on his way to the Spanish capital, was in ecstasies of rapture; for she not only loved Charles, but admired his enthusiastic spirit, which accorded not a little with her own.

James called a council of his ministers to listen to the treaty, which the ambassadors had received from the Cardinal, and which would become a law on the signature of the British King. It was a lengthy and perplexed document; and it was apparent that the monarch cared but little for any thing in it preceding the promise of the dower. He fell sound asleep in his big chair almost as soon as the secretary began to read; but at the word *pistoles* he started up, as if he had been endeavoring to hear all the while, exclaiming, "Gude Cecil, gae back, gae back; rede not so dull, mon!"

The experienced secretary commenced again with the sentence where the dower was set down in figures. It was a rich sum, enough to make the eyes of any poor old king like James glisten with animation; but it was less than had been promised with the Infanta; and, consequently, the greedy monarch was far from being satisfied. Rising up, with a stamp of his foot, according to his custom, he dissolved the council, saying, that a more potent ambassador must be immediately sent over to Paris, not only to complete the arrangements for the marriage, but by all means to add six or seven figures to the right hand of those in the treaty.

All eyes turned immediately on Buckingham. Charles himself, who was present, looked in the same direction. The Duke was confessedly the best tactician at the court. He was the favorite of James, who would submit to any conditions which that favorite might report as indispensable. He was equally the favorite of the Prince, who had imparted to him the secrets of his heart, as no one could doubt. Himself a Protestant by profession, his appointment would be agreeable to the English people; but, as his mother was a Papist, it was presumed that his influence would be thereby enhanced at the French court. The King, sensible of all these qualities in his minister, named him his special representative in every thing pertaining to the marriage, desiring him to make all speed to fill the royal coffers by hastening his suit.

There was only one difficulty before Buckingham, which all his ingenuity could not entirely obviate. He had been at Paris in disguise. He had been suspected of holding improper conference with Queen Anne. Though, as the reader knows, that conference was

perfectly accidental and innocent on both sides, it was not so understood by the jealous husband, or the virulent enemies, of the Queen. King James had sent an apology to Louis for the incognito of the travelers; and Louis had returned a laugh for what he called the "princely joke." But, though dissembling his jealousy, jealousy was in his heart; and nothing but the constancy of the Duchess, who, in sickness and in health, in sanity and in insanity, had declared the innocence of Anne, had shaken his suspicions of the Queen. This constancy, it must be confessed, had made a deep and powerful impression on his mind. His position was almost entirely changed. His jealousy had dwindled down to mere caution mixed with hope. He resolved to watch the conduct of Anne, not more to punish her guilt, than to restore to her his full affection at the moment her innocence should be clearly proved. Richelieu, however, remained her implacable enemy, but disguised his animosity under the cloak of ardent devotedness to his master's weal. Buckingham, who knew nothing of these domestic changes, and but little of the previous agitations at the court of France, entered Paris with his usual openness of manners, which he had resolved to render more than commonly frank, the better to clear himself and the Queen of all suspicions of intrigue. He well knew, that even an excess of freedom, when flowing apparently from the native impulses of the heart, is less suspicious than that cautious spirit, which proceeds too often from a consciousness of wrong.

All was hilarity again at the Palais Royale. The English minister was waited upon in person by the King and Queen. Richelieu paid him all manner of regard. The whole court sought his acquaintance and his smiles; and even Mary, whose daughter was the object of this new mission, laid aside her severity, and wore a bunch of early roses in her hair.

The beautiful Duchess de Chevreuse, whose life had been despaired of for many months, had passed the crisis of her sickness some time before; but she was still feeble, pale, and emaciated, like one trembling on the narrow verge that divides existence from the grave. Her only friend, the Queen, had remained with her to the last; and now, when invited to the open air by the warm breath of spring, Anne waited upon her motions, as if the relations of mistress and servant had been reversed.

It was a lovely morning in the month of April, when a small hand-coach, made at the order of the Queen, and drawn by two of her trusty servants, proceeded to the royal gardens down the wide avenue, that wound hither and thither from the palace backward between borders of shrubbery and high-branching trees. A soft shower on the previous night had purified the atmosphere, and rendered the paths of the garden all cool and clean. The leaves were new and green; the smaller and earlier plants were in bloom; the birds of the season sang amid the branches, hopping delightfully from spray to spray; and the mild southwest, redolent with the sweet scent of flowers, fanned gently the glowing cheeks of Spring. The Duchess, cushioned by downy pillows, sat erect in the beautiful little vehicle; and her mistress, giving the proper orders to the servants, expatiated upon the opening beauties of the season, walking quietly by her side.

They passed under several arches, which the gardeners had decked with vines and creepers in a most



artistic and yet natural way. Fountains of crystal water spouted their thousand jets into the clear, warm air. The invalid inhaled the aroma with which the atmosphere was charged, drawing in health and vigor at every inspiration; and Anne, rejoicing in the recovery of one so faithful, and bounding with that animation derived from the bland influence of the morning of the year, enjoyed a measure of happiness which she had scarcely ever known before. Ah! little did either dream of the new dangers that then lurked in that very garden, like the original tempter around the flowery path of Eve.

Buckingham, since his arrival in Paris, had been invited by Louis to take up his residence at the court; and every dweller in the palace, even the King, Cardinal, and queen-mother, had welcomed him with open arms. He could no longer think that he was the object of suspicion; for he perceived that, instead of being secluded from him, the Queen was indulged with every liberty to meet him when she pleased. He did not dream that this freedom was only the same as that which the fowler grants the bird, when, spreading out his net upon the field, he retires, apparently without concern, but really to watch the motions of his prey. The King had resolved to give her every possible opportunity with the Duke, whom Richelieu and himself had so long suspected, presuming that, if there were any political treasons, or treasons of a softer character, they would not fail to show themselves. The Cardinal was determined, on his part, to make the utmost of every circumstance, not having discovered the change wrought by the conduct of the Duchess on the King; and Mary, who knew Buckingham's amorous character better than she did the rigid virtue of her son's wife, seemed to have that wife, by an easy anticipation, writhing beneath the tramp of her own right foot.

The carriage of the Duchess was quietly moving on amid the bloom and beauty of that lovely morning. On reaching a retired spot far in the rear, near the remains of an old tower which had never been taken down, the Queen ordered the servants to make a right angle to their present path, that the eyes of the Duchess might not fall upon a few objects there, which would not fail to move her heart. The effort was successful; the sick lady did not see what her mistress wished to conceal from her; and the little coach went on again. But Anne could not pass the place so negligently. It was the spot where the two shrubs, celebrated in another chapter, once grew. They were now withered almost away. The Queen, looking upon their decay as another monument of her friend's affection, stopped to shed a tear in memory of a love unsurpassed in the annals of mankind. After paying this brief tribute, she sat down upon a green mound at a little distance from the tower, to await the reappearance of the carriage, which, by this time, had lost itself amidst the towering shrubbery of the garden. Her attention had been arrested by the twittering and fluttering of a swarm of martins, which were building their nests high up in the niches of the stone fabric at whose base she sat.

This was the fit time for the tempter. It was the time of times, the long-expected, long-wished-for time. It was the time for which all other times had been contrived. The heart must not now quail; the foot must not falter; the tongue of the artful must not hesitate. No, no. He stands behind the tower. He walks to the nearest corner. He appears.

"It cannot be a wonder, madam, that your Majesty

should gaze so steadily upon the workings of these little flutterers. They are beings of indescribable interest to the admirers of that blooming youth called Spring. Their habits have been celebrated by the pastoral poets from the remotest days. They are regarded as the early messengers of that love, which, in all hearts, burns the most fervently at this opening season of the year. In England they make their arrival later, but perform for us the same offices when they come. We have a poet in our native isle, who calls them 'guests of summer:'

'This guest of summer, the temple-haunting martlet,  
Doth approve by his loved mansionry,  
That the heaven's breath smells wooingly here.'

And never, it seems to me, madam, was a truth more finely spoken; for every thing in nature now, the beautiful flowers, the fresh green leaves, the soft and bland air, and the caroling of these birds, *do* approve, that this is a wooing time. Nor is it within my power, madam, longer to withhold the secret, that the influence of the season has been generously seconded by your charms."

"My lord," said the Queen to Buckingham with a firm and yet affectionate tone of voice, "it is not fit that we should meet in such a place. Will you be generous enough to show your love by leaving me without another word?"

"Nothing would be easier, madam," replied the Duke, regarding the repulse as a worthy specimen of a woman's art; "but I have made a vow, as I have told you so often since I came to court, that I will never leave this kingdom without seeing you released from the terrible jealousies and hostilities to which you have been so long and so innocently exposed. You know that I know your heart. Why not suffer me to be the harbinger of that liberty, of that happiness, for which you pine? Trust yourself to me, madam, and the happiness and freedom of the world are yours."

"Nay, my lord, though I thank you for your kindnesses, let me trust in my own innocence and in the good providence of God. He will send me deliverance at his chosen time."

"And how know you, that this is not his time? that I am not his instrument? that this is not the chosen method of escape from tyranny, from oppression, perhaps from death?"

"No time, my lord, nor agency, nor mode of procedure, involving the smallest impropriety, can come from God."

"But your Majesty has, doubtless, a keen recollection for the poets. Shall I quote you a single stanza?"

'Watched by the one I'm bound to love,  
But loved not in return,  
O, for the wings of any dove,  
To fly away and mourn!'

"But the dove," replied the Queen, coloring, "is not more the bird of love, as you ingeniously intimate by this proposal, than the emblem of innocence; and, withal, that old ballad which so thoughtlessly escaped from my lips, but poorly uttered the genuine feelings of my heart. It declared my calamities, but not my purpose. That purpose is, and ever has been, my lord, to live and die in all innocence, reposing confidence in Him who will not suffer us to be afflicted beyond our ability of endurance. The King, my husband, as you know, set on by evil counselors, has been, it is too true, disposed to treat me with personal unkindness; but in

my heart I forgive him; and I am resolved to be as unswerving in my duty to him, as the needle is obedient to the magnet. Will you now, good Duke, with my warmest thanks for your generous intentions, retire and leave me?"

"So soon, madam," replied Buckingham, still unconvinced by the Queen's appeal—"so soon, madam, as you will grant me one single sweet token, which I may ever after carry upon my lips, that my interest in you has not given you offense; for," continued he, approaching Anne, and essaying to lay his hand upon her shoulder—but he had not time to complete his sentence. The Queen shrieked and left him in an instant. Unfortunate shriek! Proof as it was of her unapproachable innocence, it at once became a swift witness for her condemnation. At the moment it was given, the Cardinal was not twenty paces from the parties; the flying Anne met two of the Minister's trusty officers; and the Duke was soon visited by the King's keeper of the garden, with a request that his lordship would leave it to the occupancy of those whose privilege it was to visit it. In ten minutes the adventure had been reported throughout the palace; it had become the topic of a hundred whispered conversations; and it had gone, like a poisoned arrow, to the only half-healed heart of the jealous monarch.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

##### THE BALLET.

All the points of the treaty, for which Buckingham had been charged to make particular exertion, had been carried in spite of his ill-starred adventures and the obstinate parsimony of the Cardinal. The dower had been raised to eight hundred thousand crowns. The great objects of James' heart, the obtaining of a wife for his son, and the procurement of a heavy portion with the bride, for which he had sold his conscience, his religion, and his country, and for which he had risked a revolution and a crown, had been achieved. But how vain is the ambition of mankind! We toil and labor, through disasters and dangers, to get possession of some glittering prize, which we trust to enjoy for a long course of years; but, alas! too often, the very moment when the bauble drops at our feet, the eyes that sought it and the hand that struggled for it are both cold in death! It was so with James. On the twenty-seventh of March, old style, or the eighth of April as we now reckon time, the messenger dispatched by the Duke to acquaint his Majesty of the happy fulfillment of all his wishes, found him lying in state, in Westminster Abbey, a lifeless corpse!

Buckingham, on the morning of the fifth of April, had received intelligence of James' illness, accompanied by a request for his return; but as Louis had appointed a grand festival, including a ride, a dinner, and a ballet, for that very day and night, in commemoration of the treaty of marriage between his sister and Prince Charles, Buckingham felt at liberty to remain till the following morning.

The ride was a grand display of carriages, of horses, of footmen, and of all the paraphernalia of such occasions, when royalty goes forth to take the air. The dinner, or rather supper, for it was served after nightfall, was a feast indeed. But the concluding entertainment, the ballet, in which the guests danced to the sound of music, but accompanied their movements of foot with all those pantomimic efforts, by which the various pas-

sions are expressed, was one of the most wonderful of its kind. It consisted of a dramatic poem—a poem of which the argument and embellishments were all carried out, not by language, but by the motions of the body and the emotional expressions of the face. The fable was the courtship and marriage of a peasant girl, the only daughter of poor but honest parents, with a foreigner, whose addresses were rejected by the father and mother, but warmly welcomed by the sagacious girl. The scene was laid in Italy at the time of the capture of Constantinople by the Turks. I give the scene precisely as it occurred, partly to illustrate the manners of royalty in those times, but particularly because its crowning incident lies at the bottom of my history, giving name, as well as character, to my little work.

First, the old couple themselves, dressed in their plainest and coarsest garb, with all the signs of rustic simplicity in their manners, but in quite vigorous spirits, advanced upon the floor, performing such grave evolutions as were emblematic of their relations, their circumstances, and their age. Next, as soon as the former had taken their positions, a light-footed and lighter-hearted girl, attired according to her station, wearing a country gown, with a wreath of flowers upon her head, bounded upon the arena in all the buoyancy and beauty of her youth. Finding her place of rest, when her own initiatory part was played, between her natural protectors, she stood there the most lovely of daughters, like a young rose on a new stem between the two decaying branches of a parental stock. In a moment more, various suitors for her hand appeared, some keeping time with the instruments by the rapid pulsations of their feet, others by many a low genuflexion before the heroine of the play. Such were the damsel's charms, that noblemen and princes condescended to seek her favor, by the payment of all that species of flattery and attention capable of being represented by the combined poetry of motion and of song. Several of these became favorites with the parents, who repaid the attentions bestowed upon their daughter by many a low courtesy indicative of their zeal; but the beautiful object of these addresses, notwithstanding the humbleness of her birth, stood motionless and unconcerned. At length, when the skill and dexterity of all these had been exhausted, another applicant for favor, the foreigner alluded to above, advanced from a distant and concealed corner of the apartment in the habit of a stranger in distress. The music instantly changed from a bold major to a soft and plaintive minor; and, as it passed through all the varieties of that melting harmony, which the best artists know how to draw from this pathetic key, the new-comer passed forward with such movements, such gesticulations, such subdued and tender expressions of his countenance, that he at once gained the sympathies of every spectator, who gave him silent but rapturous applause. On reaching the presence of the young damsel, he immediately arrested her attention; and she, who had slighted the most distinguished native-born suitors, at once acknowledged and honored his appeal. But the parents, who saw not the real character of that stranger, but only his forlorn condition, did every thing to intercept his addresses to their daughter, and to cut off her acknowledgments of them, which was possible by the most ingenious and intricate movements of a dance. Watching her opportunity, however, she at length found a passage for escape. Making a most



brilliant pirouette, as my authorities style it, so as to dazzle and deceive her guardians, she sprang, with a sudden saltation, to the presence of her lover, who received her upon his bended knee. Taking his hands, and raising him to his feet in triumph, she seemed to catch a new and loftier spirit from her victory; and his manner, too, in obedience to her example, and the quick transition of the music, from the slow and solemn to the most rapid and animated execution, as promptly and completely changed. Never were feet so nimble, bodies so light, or motions so ethereal, as now astonished all eyes. Beginning with a few sober passages, as if carefully laying the foundation of their acquaintance, they rapidly proceeded to the more complicated and daring feats. With their hands united and held out above and about them, they went through all the evolutions of the calisthenic art, tied knots and then untied them, formed arches and circles, passed semicircular rainbows from shoulder to shoulder, marked out the horizon with their bended arms, above which their beaming eyes represented the lustre of the starry firmament, and executed a thousand similar parabolic figures, all the while winging their way along with flying feet, towering now and then with a most wonderful agility and ease, and, at last, closing up their courtship by some of the boldest flights ever attempted by the masters of this mimic art. This concluded, and the first suitors still retaining their positions on the opposite sides of the floor, the father and mother of the maid, now reconciled to her choice by what they had seen of his transcendent powers, advanced down the middle, each with a gift in token of their consent. The mother bore a wreath of white roses, set with violets and pinks, which she intended for the brows of her son-in-law, whose brilliant movements had raised her admiration to the highest pitch. The father carried a more precious gift. It was nothing less than that beautiful and costly ornament, which the French call an *aguillette*, but which is known in the English language as the **SHOULDER-KNOT**.

It consisted of a tie of ribbon and gold, sparkling with diamonds and pearls, with golden tassels dropping from the sides. According to the etiquette of the age, it was the highest mark of favor, or affection, that any one could bestow. With these offerings, the old couple proceeded, with more than an ordinary animation, even eliciting much hearty praise for the perfection of their movements, to the spot where the youthful and happy pair had knelt to receive these emblems of parental willingness and love. Curvetting with no little brilliancy about the kneeling suppliants, they deposited their gifts in the most graceful and feeling manner; at the conclusion of which ceremony, the plighted pair arose, with their arms still entwined and interlocked, and struck off toward the opposite end of the apartment in a waltz. The father and mother followed them in the same measure; the rejected suitors joined in next; after these the whole company of spectators, lords and ladies, went in suit; and so, in the highest spirits, the drama was concluded by the waltzing of the whole party from the room. They were seen no more that night.

The royal party having thus retired, there remained in the great hall only a small knot of servants, whose usefulness had admitted them as humble spectators of the scene. They fell at once, according to their custom, into a loud and rambling discussion of what they had seen. A great variety of opinion was entertained. One

thought it was the most admirable performance he had ever seen. Another liked the dancing, but all that kneeling, and bowing, and scraping, he said, was without sense to him. A third had scarcely regarded the feats of the dancers, but had given his whole attention to the music, which, he affirmed, was the very perfection of melody and harmony combined. A fourth, addressing himself to a single individual, delivered his criticisms in a style which the reader may possibly remember:

"You see, sir, you do, sir, that is not a mere dance at all, sir. It is the work of the young poet, Corneille, sir, from whom I brought the copy of it, sir, at the command of that fair peasant girl, sir, my royal mistress, sir. Yes, sir, you need not stare, sir. That blooming maid, sir, was no less than the beautiful Queen Anne, sir; for no one could be so beautiful but herself, sir. Her old father and mother, sir, were their royal Majesties, Louis and Mary, sir, who were willing to behold the Queen render such distinctions upon the suit of my lord Buckingham, the wonderful stranger, in honor of the match just concluded, by his agency, between the great Prince Charles and our incomparable lady Henrietta Maria. That, sir, is my opinion of the sense of this night's entertainment, sir."

"You are a very wise and profound critic, and worthy to be my father-in-law," replied the person addressed by honest Sampson, which person, in fact, had been paying ominous attentions to the old stabler's eldest daughter—"you are a very wise and subtil critic, but you have not cracked the shell of this night's business. True enough, the outside of this performance is sufficiently emblematic of the royal match; but your youthful poet, who has lighted his lamp at the blazing torch of our Stratford bard, the immortal Shakspeare, has herein shadowed forth the most glorious of all earthly marriages. Now stand up here, father Sampson, and answer me a few questions, so I may lead you into the heart and centre of this great argument."

Sampson, who had had enough of this questioning process on a former occasion, began to tremble with diffidence at the first mention of such a procedure; but, as he could hardly afford to lose the favor of Archibold Armstrong, the friend as much as the buffoon of Buckingham, he could not refuse compliance.

"Well, then," said Archy, "was not the scene laid in Italy?"

"Perhaps, sir, it was, sir."

"And were not the dress and manner of the old couple of apiece with those of that period in which the Turks took Constantinople?"

"Nothing is more probable, sir, as you might say, sir."

"Were not the parents of the girl very rude and rustic in their bearing?"

"If you say so, sir."

"Was not the maid herself, on her first entrance, a character of great promise?"

"Positively, sir, she was, sir."

"Were not the first suitors native-born Italians; and did they not all fail to get her favor, or to excite the slightest movement in her?"

"If, sir, I have such a thing as a pair of eyes, sir."

"Was not that stranger a foreigner, a stranger in distress, an Oriental by birth and bearing, whose first appearance was rejected by the prejudiced parents, but who at once engaged the young maid's more sagacious notice, won her heart, and imparted to her the most

wonderful animation, when both rose into the loftiest exhibition of art and genius?"

"Nothing was plainer, sir."

"Did not the parents, as soon as convinced of the high character of the stranger, and of his remarkable influence upon their daughter, come forward with evident satisfaction, and crown them with rich tokens of their approbation?"

"Exactly, sir, as you say, sir."

"And then did not even the rejected suitors, and the entire company, falling in behind the young married couple, waltz with great animation, till they were entirely lost from vision?"

"Ay, sir, that is as you say, sir."

"Well then," continued the shrewd and penetrating Archy, "I am no dancer. I am a rank Puritan. I condemn all such amusements altogether; but, if you wish to understand the full signification of this almost magical performance, know that the great poet has accomplished two works at once in this high drama, which represents, not merely the match just concluded, but the loftier marriage of eastern learning with western genius, which took place in Italy on the advent of the Greek refugees at the capture and fall of Constantinople." *More anon.*

#### MR. TUPPER'S POEMS

FOR the last two years, Mr. Tupper, the celebrated English poet, has contributed several fine poems to the Repository; and I have recently received two packages from the same high source. It is fit, however, that I here make a short explanation in his behalf; and the explanation may be, also, as important to me as to him. One of my esteemed cotemporaries has hit the poet a gentle rap for sending articles to the Repository, which had appeared before in the common newspapers of the land; and I have no doubt the rap was intended, also, as a slight hint to me, not to publish as original any thing which had otherwise appeared. The facts are these:

The first package sent me by Mr. Tupper contained eight or ten poems, then fresh from his hand; but, as they would require as many months to pass through my columns, those coming last would, consequently, appear in the cotemporary prints before I could publish them, unless I gave them all at once, or Mr. Tupper should deny them publicity in England; for such is his popularity in this country, that, in one or two months after one of his poems sees the light in his own land, it is brought to this, and spread into every cot and cabin between the Atlantic and Mississippi. But Mr. Tupper never writes exclusively for any magazine whatever, as I know from his own declaration to me; and it would, on the other hand, be entirely uneditorial in me to put forth a whole batch of his contributions in a single number. The only way left is, to publish what he sends from time to time, without respect to what other works may have done; and I must insert them all as original communications, because they are sent to me as such. I have never taken one from any other source than his own packages, under his own hand and seal; and I never intend to, as it would be a violation of my rule. Besides, as these pieces come directly from himself, it is to be supposed that they bear upon them their author's last revision—his latest touch; and this consideration is worth ten times as much as any advantage I might gain in anticipating other periodicals by publishing an entire package of his contributions at a stroke.

The following was sent me last year, and was filed for last October; but, by reason of my absence, it was overlooked. It is just as appropriate to the present season as it was to that; for poems of a character to be immortal are not like ladies' fashions, which vanish sometimes before they are fairly born:

#### A CHANT.

##### I.

O, bless the God of harvest, praise him through the land,  
Thank him for his precious gifts, his help, and liberal love:  
Praise him for the fields that have rendered up their riches,  
And, drest in sunny stubbles, take their Sabbath after toil;  
Praise him for the close-shorn plains, and uplands lying bare,  
And meadows, where the sweet-breathed hay was stacked in  
early summer;  
Praise him for the wheat-sheaves, gathered safely into barn,  
And scattering now their golden drops beneath the sounding  
flail;  
Praise him for the barley-mow, a little hill of sweetness,  
Praise him for the clustering hop, to add its fragrant bitter;  
Praise him for the wholesome root, that fattened in the furrow;  
Praise him for the mellow fruits that bend the groaning bough:  
For blessings on thy basket, and for blessings on thy store,  
For skill and labor prospered well, by gracious suns and showers,  
For mercies on the home, and for comforts on the hearth,  
O, happy heart of this broad land, praise the God of harvest!

##### II.

All ye that have no tongue to praise, we will praise him for you,  
And offer on our kindling souls the tribute of your thanks:  
Trees, and shrubs, and the multitude of herbs, gladdening the  
eyes with verdure,  
For all your leaves, and flowers, and fruits, we praise the God  
of harvest!  
Birds, and beetles in the dust, and insects flitting in the air,  
And ye that swim the waters in your scaly coats of mail,  
And steers, resting after labor, and timorous flocks afield,  
And generous horses, yoked in teams to draw the creaking  
wains,  
For all your lives, and every pleasure solacing that lot,  
Your sleep, and food, and animal peace, we praise the God of  
harvest!  
And ye, O some who never prayed, and therefore cannot praise;  
Poor darkling sons of care and toil and unilluminated night,  
Who rose betimes, but did not ask a blessing on your work,  
Who lay down late, but rendered no thank-offering for that  
blessing  
Which all unsought he sent, and all unknown ye gathered—  
Alas, for you and in your stead, we praise the God of harvest!

##### III.

O, ye famine-stricken glens, whose children shrieked for bread,  
And noisome alleys of the town, where fever fed on hunger—  
O, ye children of despair, bitterly-bewailing Erin,  
Come and join my cheerful praise, for God hath answered  
prayer:  
Praise him for the better hopes, and signs of better times,  
Unity, gratitude, contentment; industry, peace, and plenty;  
Bless him that his chastening rod is now the sceptre of forgive-  
ness,  
And in your joy remember well to praise the God of harvest!

##### IV.

Come, come along with me, and swell this grateful song,  
Ye nobler hearts, old England's own, her children of the soil:  
All ye that sowed the seed in faith, with those who reaped in joy,  
And he that drove the plow afield, with all the scattered gleaners,  
And maids who milk the lowing kine, and boys that tend the  
sheep,  
And men that load the sluggish wain, or neatly thatch the rick,  
Shout and sing for happiness of heart, nor stint your thrilling  
cheers,  
But make the merry farmer's hall resound with glad rejoicings,  
And let him spread the hearty feast for joy at harvest-home,  
And join this cheerful song of praise—to bless the God of har-  
vest!



## THE WORLD IN MINIATURE.

SINCE our last issue, nothing radically new has taken place in the position of the world. The old movements have been going forward toward maturity; some important steps have been taken in enterprises hitherto begun; but no great undertaking, entirely novel, has transpired.

The Hungarian war continues. Bem and Kossuth are enrolling their names among the heroes of ancient and of modern times. The battles they have fought, and the victories they have won, will be remembered in history to the latest age. Gorgey, too, takes his position side by side with these illustrious men. They, with a few similar spirits in Hungary, seem to understand the true idea of human liberty, the price it is worth, and what it costs. If they can throw their spirit into their countrymen, and keep them in the field for another season, the freedom of Hungary may be achieved. But, as we have before said, so we now say, we have less hope than fear. Germany has not yet got the right conception of what national liberty implies. The ideas of the patriots themselves are below the truth. Kossuth is, perhaps, their only man, who sufficiently comprehends the nature of the great work now upon their hands.

The greater part of Germany, after a year's row about emancipation, and nationality, and Germanism, has slunk back again into its usual stupidity and death. The wine is out, the frolic is over, and the satisfied population have gone to work. They begun, in true German order, by asserting doctrines as big as a small world. Germany for the Germans was the universal cry. And what was Germany in the estimation of these valiant revolutionists? Astonishing to tell, it was all that ever was called Germany in the most magnificent periods of the empire, when large portions of France, of Italy, of Poland, of Denmark, and of other surrounding nations, belonged to it. Then, forsooth, the wine was plenty, the face of the drinkers was flushed, and no bayonets had been drawn. Behold, when the kings and petty princes of Germany get roused, and shake their naughty fists at the Germans, what successive slides—downward slides—are effected!

First, instead of that magnificent totality originally asserted, they thought they might better be contented with Germany according to its more recent limits. All right now. A popular parliament assembles. They form a constitution. They elect an emperor, or a president, but their candidate objects. What then? Did they, as an American parliament, or any other but a parliament of Germans, would have done, elect another President in half an hour after the refusal of the first? No. They get scared. They talk German awhile in Frankfurt, then adjourn to Stuttgart with a still smaller nationality in view, at last disband altogether, and fly, like a set of cowards, to their several homes! The work is given up, Germany has had her revolutionary drunken-frolic, and the redoubtable, chivalrous, big-worded Germans have fallen into procession behind their old standards, hanging on to the "coat-tails" of their petty kings!

But while the yellow-haired Germans are thus silenced, the Huns are up, with their black eyes fixed on the sun of liberty!

We are no advocate of war; but every American will ever have to remember, that the liberties of his own country were purchased by patriotic blood. Between these Hungarians and our own condition, before and during the American Revolution, there is a clear parallel. In looking at the career of Bem, and Gorgey, and Kossuth, we are reminded of our own great leaders; and the following proclamation by the last-named General will recall several portions of our Revolutionary history:

"The armies of the Hungarian nation have already fought out their quarrel with Austria. The liberated country need only to be made to flourish. But the House of Hapsburg Lorraine had once more petitioned the Russian despot for aid, and he broke into Hungary at the head of 120,000 Russian troops; through Constadt, Lemberg, and Vienna, he broke into our country—the country of the martyrs of liberty.

"We do not throw down our arms. We will fight the armies of the allied tyrants of Europe. God is just; his

power is almighty; he hallows the battle-field for the weak, and the strength of the mighty and wicked is broken.

"But we would speak a loud and solemn warning to the constitutional governments and the nations of Europe:

"Ye governments! ye are the official guardians of the liberty and the legitimate interests, not only of your own countries, but of all Europe. A tremendous responsibility rests upon you. The punishment of every crime which you allow to be committed against liberty and the rights of man, will come home to you and the lands ye govern!

"Waken up, O, ye people! at the approach of this enormous danger. The tyrant's armies are banded together to tread under foot and silence every free word. They have begun in Germany, in Italy, and in this our land of Hungary!

"Thou haughty English nation! Hast thou forgotten that thou hast decreed the principle of non-intervention, that thou now sufferest an intervention directed against constitutional liberty? Not only dost thou not defend the holy cause of constitutional liberty, but thou lendest aid to the banner of tyranny by suffering this coalition of tyrants. The proud pennon of the British mast is threatened with disgrace. God will withdraw the blessing he has lent it, if it proves untrue to the cause to which it owes its fame.

"Awake, O people of Europe! On Hungarian ground the battle for the freedom of Europe is fighting. With this country the free world will lose a powerful member. In this nation a true and heroic champion will perish. For we shall fight until we spill the last drop of our blood, that our country may either become a chosen sanctuary of freedom, consecrated with our blood, or shall form a damning monument to all eternity in token of the manner in which tyrants can league to destroy free people and free nations, and of the shameful manner in which free countries abandon one another."

The remaining countries of the world are in a quiet state. Consolidation is still going on in France. England is peaceful and prosperous. Spain is dead, and plucked up by the roots. The Americans are busy—flourishing—happy. Hungary is the only country where any great struggle is going forward. The eyes of all men are turned upon her. May her cause prosper as it deserves!

Having just received the foreign quarterlies for July, we are unable to do any thing more than merely to announce their contents, without any expression of opinion relative to them.

The EDINBURGH REVIEW contains the following list:

1. *Transportation as it now is.*
2. *Shakspeare's Critics—English and Foreign.*
3. *De Toqueville's Reign of Louis XV.*
4. *Dennis' Etruria.*
5. *Free Trade.*
6. *Corpus Ignatianum.*
7. *Sir E. Bulwer Lytton: King Arthur.*
8. *Tyndale's Sardinia.*
9. *Austria and Hungary.*
10. *Macaulay's History of England—reply to Blackwood.*

The WESTMINSTER REVIEW has ten, as follows:

1. *Poems of Alfred Tennyson.*
2. *Ancient Assyria.*
3. *Literature of the Middle Ages.*
4. *Botany.*
5. *Earthquakes in New Zealand.*
6. *Freehold Assurance and Colonization.*
7. *Hungary.*
8. *Louis Napoleon. The French Elections.*
9. *Foreign Literature.*
10. *Critical and Miscellaneous Notices.*

The LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW has eight:

1. *Results of Astronomical Observations made during the Years 1834, 5, 6, 7, 8 at the Cape of Good Hope, by Sir John Herschel.*
2. *Dr. Beattie's Life of Campbell.*
3. *Chess.*
4. *Scottish Abbeys and Cathedrals.*
5. *The Marriage Relation.*
6. *Lyell's Second Visit to the United States.*
7. *Lord Beaumont on Foreign Policy.*
8. *Democracy.*

## LITERARY NOTICES.

**HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.** By Rev. W. P. Strickland. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.—We have had the pleasure of seeing this work during nearly every stage from commencement to completion; and we are prepared to give it a very cordial recommendation. It is a faithful, impartial, well-written history of the leading charitable institution of our country. Mr. Strickland, who is one of the most popular of the Society's agents, has enjoyed peculiar facilities for the compilation of the work; and he has executed his task with tact and discretion. The work will show its reader just how the Bible has fared in the leading nations of modern times. This no man could fully learn, before this book was written, without immense research and critical labor. All this labor is now performed, and well-performed, at the hand of our successful author. We hope and expect to see this history circulating extensively among all classes of the religious part of our population.

**HILDRETH'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.** New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.—The first volume of this history has come to hand. It is, thus far, precisely such a history as we have long wished to see. Without sympathizing with that class of critics, who pronounce the Declaration of Independence a bundle of falsehoods, and the Constitution of the United States a Utopian theory of government, we nevertheless believe, that, until this attempt of Mr. Hildreth, the true history of our country has never been written. Our historians have all been too much filled with the old Greek and Roman models. Like Herodotus and Livy, they have apparently been striving to see which of them could tell the finest story for their country; the muse of history, rather than history itself, the art more than the science of their undertaking, has occupied their attention. For ourself we wish to read no more Independence-day orations, whether in the pamphlet or bound volume form, as if they were histories; but we wish to see our forefathers, some of whom were wise and able men, while some, even of historical note, were arrant scoundrels, precisely as they were. We wish to be able to put exactly the right valuation upon their characters and their deeds, and not be called upon to swallow every silly tale about them—tales made up out of nothing, just as modern tales of our modern great ones are made—which we find in our common histories. We hope, therefore, to see this work of Mr. Hildreth prosper. The first volume pleases us. We shall look for its successors with deep interest.

**LYELL'S TRAVELS IN THE UNITED STATES. Second Visit.** New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.—We have read Mr. Lyell's two volumes (duodecimo) with great pleasure. On our first sitting, such was the interest of the first volume, the tongue of Time began its "small talk" before we quitted it. The second volume we have since found to be even more entertaining. Mr. Lyell is rather an admirer of our institutions, though he everywhere speaks with proper caution. He writes, not like a traveler, but like a man of science. He gives facts, not theories, and hobbies, and speculations. It is a feature of his work, that he constantly presents the religious condition of the parts through which he passed; and it must be confessed that he saw things very clearly for a foreigner. Methodism, of which he often speaks in high terms of praise, he did not quite understand, or he would not have said some things about it which he has said. We commend the work to the reading public.

**THE WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT IN THE HUMAN HEART.** By Rev. Jonathan Edwards, M. A. Abridged by Rev. John Wesley, A. M. New York: Lane & Scott. Cincinnati: Swormstedt & Power. 1849.—Of this work little need be said, because its reputation is established. It is, perhaps, the ablest work on the subject extant in any language. Its author was one of the leading metaphysicians, one of the ablest writers, and one of the most devoted and laborious Christian ministers of his day. His fame has since traveled through all civilized lands. This is, probably, his best and most unexceptionable work—a work for all Christian people without regard to creed or name. We trust that, if the eye of any clergyman, or other

person, who has not read the volume, should fall upon this notice, such person will immediately procure the little book and read it. We thank Dr. McClintock and the Agents at New York for this republication; and this, we may say, is only one of the numerous specimens recently given of the enterprise and good judgment now at work in our great book establishment of the metropolis.

**SOUTHEY'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK. Vol. I.** New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.—To all literary men, who are always on the *qui vive* to look behind the curtain of a literary man's history, and see what his habits were, and how his great victories were won, this work will be a welcome volume. The public generally will also take a deep interest in this book of revelation from the workshop of such a man as Southey. We here see *what* he read, *how* he read, and in what way he preserved the *results* of his reading. This is rather a rare chance for our young aspirants to literary fame to study a very respectable model of their profession.

**LETTERS TO LITTLE CHILDREN.** Revised by D. P. Kidder. Lane & Scott, 200 Mulberry-street, New York, and Swormstedt & Power, Cincinnati.—This little book is for little folks, and belongs to the library which the editor at New York is so rapidly and judiciously swelling.

**CHESTNUT HILL; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD.** By a Minister. Edited by D. P. Kidder. Lane and Scott and Swormstedt & Power. 1849.—We have not read this volume; but a juvenile critic by our side says we can speak a good word for it in his behalf. We do so cordially, confiding in his judgment in such matters.

**MAGIC; OR, PRETENDED MIRACLES AND REMARKABLE NATURAL PHENOMENA.** Revised by D. P. Kidder. New York: Lane & Scott. Cincinnati: Swormstedt & Power. 1849.—This work, we believe, from the slight perusal we have given it, undertakes to strip off the mask from the face of miracle-workers, who, in Pagan, as well as in Christian countries, have tried to deceive the multitude in religious matters. If so, it is a commendable book; and it must be worthy of perusal, or it would not come out from the hands of so discreet a judge as brother Kidder.

**COLUMBUS; OR, THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.** By George Cubitt. Revised by D. P. Kidder. Lane & Scott and Swormstedt & Power. 1849.—This work is the result of a powerful condensating force brought to bear upon the incomparable Life of Columbus by Washington Irving.

**THE DYING HOURS OF GOOD AND BAD MEN CONTRASTED.** Edited by D. P. Kidder. Lane & Scott and Swormstedt & Power. 1849.—We have here the last hours of Wesley, Altamont, Fletcher, Addison, Voltaire, Hume, Howard, Payson, Paine, Hobbs, Fisk, Locke, Watts, Hervey, Knox, Baxter, Summerfield, and twice as many more of similar personages. We know of no book, of ten times its size, containing so much matter for reflection in relation to death and eternity.

**LIFE IN THE FAR WEST.** By George Frederick Ruxton. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.—Mr. Ruxton is the author of a work, familiar to some of our readers, known as *Adventures in the Rocky Mountains*. These sketches were originally published in Blackwood's Magazine; and were, so far as our knowledge extends, received with decided approbation. Mr. Ruxton, after his trip to the Rocky Mountains, undertook an expedition of exploration into interior Africa. Failing, however, in resources, and having applied in vain to the Royal Geographical Society for help, he abandoned the undertaking in despair, although he had contemplated his field of African research from its borders. He next bent his steps to Mexico; and, fortunately for the reading public, he has produced one of the most readable books of the age. Mr. Ruxton died at the early age of twenty-eight at St. Louis, Mo., in the fall of 1848, and long before he had accomplished the work which he had marked out for himself. He met with an accident while on his trip to the Rocky Mountains, having been thrown from the back of his mule, and having fallen on the sharp picket of an Indian lodge. His spine became fractured, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

OCTOBER has come, gentle reader—"brown October," as the English poets call it; and we can now sit down in a quiet shade, or walk the fields, or even stand out in the open sunlight, without fear of being burnt. October is a month we love. There is something a little pensive, to be sure, in the fading and falling of the forest leaves; and the scorched grass, the bare stubble-fields, the smoky atmosphere, are less cheerful than the green groves, the waving meadows, and the bright skies of spring. But still, October has its cheerfulness, and its compensating features of another kind. The short evenings are now gone. We are not hurried to bed as soon as the sun is down. The day is shorter and less fatiguing. The air is bracing, and begins to inspire us with a vigor we have not felt for many a long, hot, weary month. We work less and enjoy more. We are more social than we were in summer or in spring. In the former season, we were burdened with oppressive toils. In the latter, we were all astir in making ready for the opening of the year. Now we have gone through with the heaviest parts of our annual labors, and begin to repose on the thought of what we have performed. Into our garner we have gathered the stores of grain on which we are to subsist for months to come. Into our cellars we have conveyed a goodly stock of the abundance of the soil. Our wood was cut, hauled, and corded up last winter, or spring, and now stands ready for our winter fire. A small specimen of those high-blazing fires we now occasionally light up, of an evening, to see how the domestic hearth will look when the winter comes. Around that evening hearth, even at this time, we now and then sit, talking with our friends and neighbors about the labors, the scenes, the vicissitudes of another half year. The kindly sociality, perhaps the innocent mirthfulness, of stern old winter begins to give occasional foretastes of what they will be in one or two months more. October, in fact, is a fine month for the industrious portions of the world. The idle have no enjoyment even among the flowers of June.

October is a fruit-cropping month. Though it brings no fields of strawberries, no hedges of wild whortleberries or blackberries, no plums, no mellow pears, no damask-cheeked peaches, our orchards are still full of autumn and winter apples, upon the whole the most valuable fruit of our fruit-bearing clime. The apple is the lion of all fruit. As iron among metals, though coarser, is more valuable than gold, so the apple is the most precious of our orchard gifts. Without gold or silver the world could get along very well; but without iron the march of civilization would stand still. So, without pears, plums, or peaches, with any of the more delicate and ephemeral productions of the orchard, we could live in comfort; but the apple is almost essential to the health and happiness of mankind. Blessed be the month which gathers the best part of this best fruit into our household stores!

October is a month for thought. Having gone through with the hurry of the summer's labor, we now have time for reflection—for looking forward—for casting our eyes around. In the evening, as we watch the sun go down, and the shadow of night come creeping on, we sit by our open window, and become a little thoughtful, perhaps somewhat sad, as we look abroad. What, we ask, has the past season done? Where is that neighbor, where that friend, where that brother of our soul, who began the summer as cheerfully as did we? He is gone to the silent and cheerless grave. Where is that loved wife, that manly son, that gentle daughter, that happy child, that smiling infant, all of whom were with us but a few short months ago? They, too, are gone. O, what a world is this! What a world of change! The green grass fades, the leaves droop and fall, the loved ones of our hearts fade, and droop, and fall more swiftly still, and the very sky puts on a gloomy hue! O, what a fragile flower is a man! To-day he springs up in beauty, blooms for a brief season like the early rose, but to-morrow he withers, and dies, and is seen no more! Ah! does he ever bloom again? That, reader, is the concluding question for this season of the year.

But October is a month of sickness. Malignant fevers are still burning and burying their victims in the fairest portions of our land. The sick are all around us. Death has already

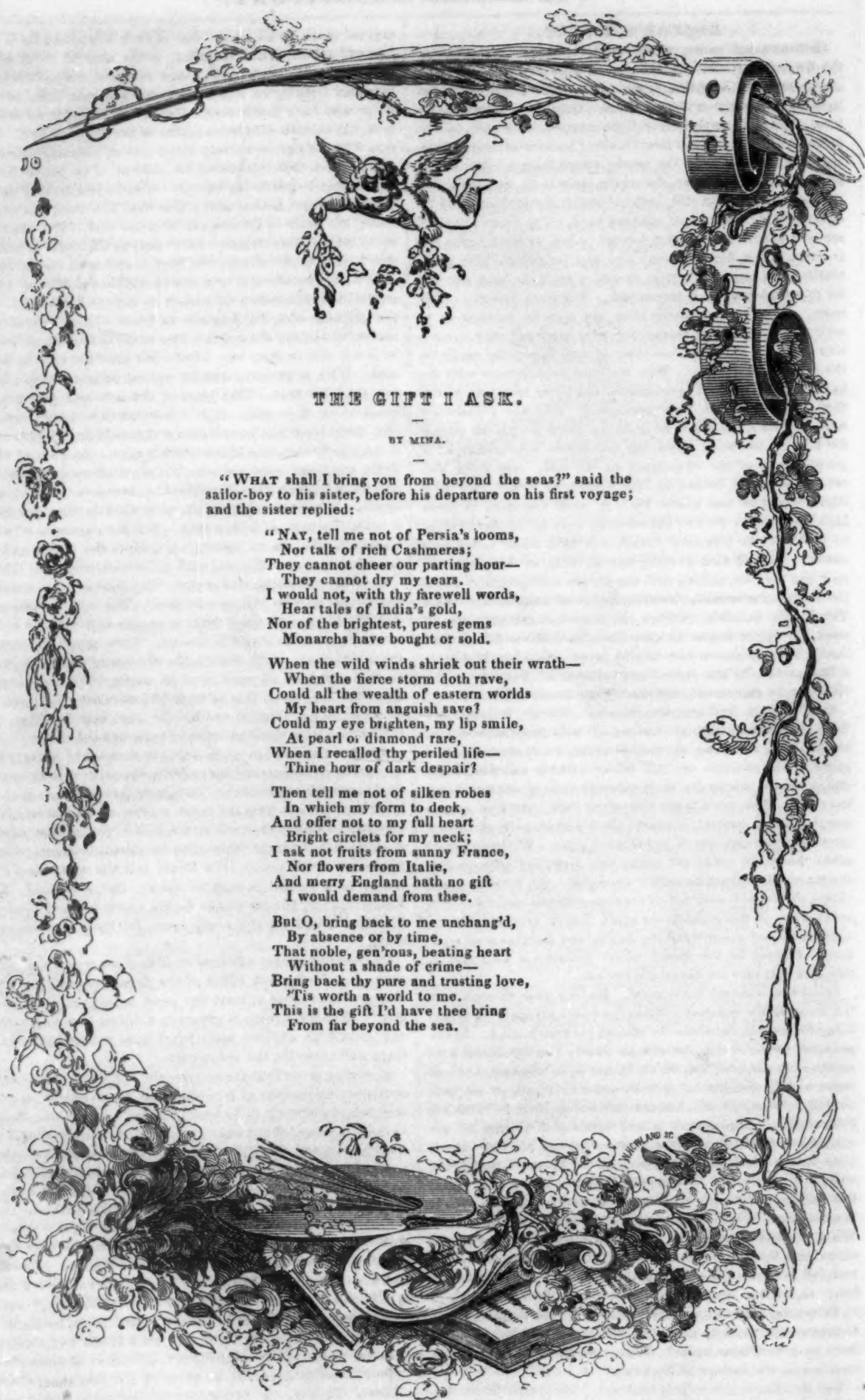
marked many for his prey. Others have fallen, and lie in their funereal robes. This, therefore, is the time to think of our latter end. We must go, too, and offer our sympathies to our bereaved friends, or watch with the suffering sick, or bury those who have lately died. Unless we do this, we are not men, but animals merely, unworthy of the name we bear. The man who refuses to perform these acts of humanity must not expect them to be performed for him; or, if he counts on being treated better by his survivors than he has treated the unconscious dead, charity may afford that kindness, but cannot efface the mark of inhumanity from his soul. The man who never attends funerals, who never goes to the house of sorrow, who affects to be always too busy to call upon and serve the sick, should be shunned by every honorable neighbor as a dangerous citizen, because to society he is not a friend. Give us the neighbor who, the moment he hears of any sickness, accident, or distress of any kind, flies to the sufferer, even though he is not able to carry him relief. He goes because he has a soul. If he is so poor, that he cannot offer a single gift, he can shed his tear. That tear, to the sick and sorrowing, is worth more than gold. It is a blessing to him who sheds it. The world loves and honors such a sympathizing friend. God loves, and honors, and blesses such a man. As he goes about doing good, the good welcome his steps wherever he may go; and when he dies, even the vile man becomes eloquent in his praise. If there is a character more amiable than any other, it is the character of such a man. It is the character of a true Christian, who, as an apostle says, visits the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, walking humbly before his God.

October will soon pass away. The darker, and stormier, and sterner months will soon be here. The hail, and the rain, and the snow, will soon rattle upon our windows, or deluge our fields, or cover the solid ground. Then comes the night of the rolling year. That night is the emblem of the lonely grave. In that grave we all must soon lie down. We must shortly close our eyes to all that is beautiful on earth, and go to our quarters in an unsocial tomb. Ye gay, and laughing, and thoughtless ones, think of what ye soon will be!

We are not so vain as to suppose that every thing which appears in the columns of our periodical is superior to the matter found in similar monthlies. Our poetry, usually, is not of the highest grade; but from the great number of articles which we receive, we endeavor to select the best. The present number contains rather a large share of poetical contributions, some of which we deem good. We would call the attention of the reader to a careful perusal of them. Our old friend, Rev. Enoch Mudge, has our thanks for his article on the Flowers of the Ocean, and for the really beautiful lines accompanying them.

Our correspondents will bear with us if we repeat the advice once given by the first editor of the Repository to his contributors,—"Write prose at least five years before you attempt poetry." Poetical writing is generally a failure in young writers, and should be avoided until years have somewhat sobered fancy and corrected the judgment.

In writing miscellaneous essays—and the Repository is made up almost exclusively of miscellaneous essays—there are several things distinctly to be kept in mind. The writer should, in the first place, clearly state his subject; that is, he should tell what he is going to write about, either by a formal definition, a paraphrase, or a description. He should, in the next place, give the reason or cause of his subject, or prove the truth of his proposition by an argument. Thirdly, he ought to show the antiquity or novelty of his theme, and inquire into the probability of its being adapted to the improvement of those for whom he writes. Subjects which are a hundred years old, and whose caption is known to every man, woman, and child in Christendom—for example, "Female Influence," etc.—should entirely be avoided. In the fourth place, he ought to show the universality or locality of his subject, and illustrate it by the use of some comparison. Examples or testimonies adduced, should generally be made in the language of their authors. Finally, the advantages of the topics should so be exhibited as that the fundamental precepts inculcated shall ever remain and operate in the mind of the reader.



### THE GIFT I ASK.

BY MINA.

"WHAT shall I bring you from beyond the seas?" said the sailor-boy to his sister, before his departure on his first voyage; and the sister replied:

"NAY, tell me not of Persia's looms,  
Nor talk of rich Cashmeres;  
They cannot cheer our parting hour—  
They cannot dry my tears.  
I would not, with thy farewell words,  
Hear tales of India's gold,  
Nor of the brightest, purest gems  
Monarchs have bought or sold.

When the wild winds shriek out their wrath—  
When the fierce storm doth rave,  
Could all the wealth of eastern worlds  
My heart from anguish save?  
Could my eye brighten, my lip smile,  
At pearl or diamond rare,  
When I recalled thy periled life—  
Thine hour of dark despair?

Then tell me not of silken robes  
In which my form to deck,  
And offer not to my full heart  
Bright circlets for my neck;  
I ask not fruits from sunny France,  
Nor flowers from Italie,  
And merry England hath no gift  
I would demand from thee.

But O, bring back to me unchang'd,  
By absence or by time,  
That noble, gen'rous, beating heart  
Without a shade of crime—  
Bring back thy pure and trusting love,  
'Tis worth a world to me.  
This is the gift I'd have thee bring  
From far beyond the sea.







Engraved by W. S. Jones - The Original by Sir S. Lawrence

*Child's Amusement*

Published by W. S. Jones, 11, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.